

storm. I said to him: "We were about to run a scare head about your mysterious disappearance." "O, by jove, let's do it anyway!" So we fixed it up together in a lurid style, and found him the next week.

He was an enthusiast and hated whiskey like the devil hates holy water. One of my keenest regrets is that I did not see as he saw in those days. One dreadful winter night, I rode into his house out of a driving snow storm, and found him in a state of exaltation. He was moved to write a poem and we sat up the entire night by a roaring fire in the hearth, putting together an epic about some matter that had happened in the course of the sports at Mingo. I must hunt that up and see how it flows at this late date.

I tell you who he was like when he was doing a stunt for the entertainment of the gathering after each football event, when each man had to tell a story, sing a song, or turn a somersault. He was like Harry Lauder on the stage.

This started off to be a football piece but I have been a long time approaching the subject. When the English explained football to us, it appeared that it was the principal sport of that country. That the schools played amateur football called rugby with an elongated sphere, with fifteen men on the side, but that these games though largely attended for a few games played comparatively small part in the general island football. The great professional game of soccer was the game for the highly paid experts, and as soon as we saw the difference between the educated foot and the uneducated, the whole country got animated, and there were probably as many as twenty-five teams in Pocahontas County alone. And there was a great devotion to the game. Great crowds of people lined the grounds. The season lasted from October to May, match games not being set in the dead of winter on account of snow possibilities, but practice games went on all through the winter, when the ground was bare. A man does not know what he can do with his foot until he qualifies in the game of soccer.

No age or condition seems to be wholly barred. Up on the head of Elk River there were giants in those days, captains courageous, whom nothing could daunt. One match game against another community was pulled off one day and on the Elk team there were three generations in direct line represented. In the goal, Grandfather William Gibson; in a fullback, his son James Gibson, and as a forward, Levi Gibson, grandson. And, by the way, last May, Jim Gibson, as a man sixty-eight years old, ran with the hounds after a bear from Gibson's Knob to the Hevner place on the head of Slaty Fork, and was in at the killing of the biggest bear that ever fell in these parts. Old Lame Paw, the sheep killer.

It was about this time, I think the same year, that Uncle John Hannah, up in the eighties, put on four pairs of specs and won the turkey at a rifle shooting match.

Here are the rudiments of soccer football. Take a level field about 225 by 100 yards. At each end a goal twenty feet wide, eight feet high. Eleven men to a side. Five forwards, three halfbacks, two fullbacks, and one goal keeper. The ball is placed in the center. The twenty-two men are equally spaced all over the field each side forming a triangle, the bottoms facing each other. No player may touch the ball with his

hands except the goal keeper who can use both hands and feet. The great skill is displayed in dribbling the ball. That is keeping the ball at the feet and under control while running at great speed, and just before interference reaches the man with the ball, to made an accurate pass across the field to another player on the same side, or to shoot it through the goal. Each goal counts one point. The game is open and easily watched. The contests are between individuals, players being tossed for yards if caught just right on the point of the shoulder. Injuries are superficial, the greatest danger being a broken shin bone.

Football of this kind can be played on every village green. It does not take special clothes or training. And it is the very best of training in itself for the college game that the country is wild about.

We could get plenty of games near at home where the visiting teams could come and play and return in the same day. But the Mingo game requires three days—a day to go, one to play, and a day to return—so these were elaborate trips. The journey required a crossing over from the Greenbrier waters, across three or four branches of Elk River, and on to the Tygarts Valley waters. Where we played at Mingo was within a few miles of the uttermost fountain of the Ohio River.

The six and seven footers on Elk had a famous team called "Ironsides," and they were bad to beat. As between the Marlinton team and the Mingo team, the Ironsides favored the English team and we had to travel across Crooked Fork, Old Field Fork, Slaty Fork, Big Spring Fork, and Dry Fork of Elk through a hostile country.

We used to be able to describe each step of the game in the technical language of the sport. For instance: Center forward heeled the ball to the left wing who dribbled it for a matter of some thirty feet and then passed it to the right wing who immediately returned it to the left wing who took it down the side line and sidestepped interference and passed it with his left foot to the center who tried for a goal which was stopped for a moment by the goal keeper, but who was rushed by the opposing team who had been playing well up. The goal keeper and ball were hurled through the goal by the rush, Marlinton making a goal within two minutes from the time the ball was put in play.

In the picture of the ball in play in this article, Ernest Hedben, for the English team is in the act of trying for a goal, before Norman Price, his opponent gets the point of his shoulder under him and tosses him aside. Hedben being caught while on one foot will describe a parabola of some ten or twelve feet, much to the interest of the audience, and the goal-keeper will take care of the ball, maybe.

The Ironsides furnished some great athletes in those days, And by the way, Elk has the world's record for a running long jump, one that will never be equalled. Joseph Hannah, a pioneer, was made the victim of a practical joke. It was arranged to give him a scare. He was to work in the field with Old Dick, a Negro. Indian times were still fresh in the memory. Three boys fired on them from the woods. Old Dick fell down and pretended to be shot, and Hannah ran to the house, and jumped a ravine or gully, making a leap of forty-two feet.

My recollection of these English boys is wholly pleasant. I feel that they broadened our lives and that they left with us some of the fine

traits of English character. I had some ups and downs with them. When I sided with the Boers in that war, some friendships were busted, but we all got together in the World's War. Jack Foster perished covered with glory in battle in South Africa. Christopher Hodson fell shot through the head in France. They are scattered to the four winds of the earth. The colony has ceased to be. And I have reached the age when—

“Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'er flowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
No stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended.
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!”

CHAPTER X

The Battle of Greenbrier Ford in the First Year of the Civil War.

Let us try to figure out the battles at Travellers Repose in 1861. There were three fights known as the battles of the Greenbrier. One was October 3, 1861, one was October 31, 1861, and one December 12, 1861. The first of these fights was the big one. The Confederates won it and called it one of the greatest victories of that year, and the Federals having lost it called a reconnoissance in force. It is the battle of October 3, that we will take up today, for it has taken many long years for me to get a comprehensive knowledge of the particulars of this fight, and I want to pass it on to students of history that come after me, while it is clear to my mind.

In a word, that fight failed because the soldiers on the Federal side, the attacking army, refused to face a heavy fire from the breastworks of the enemy coupled with a destructive fire of grapeshot from the cannon. And the regiments in front falling back in confusion carried with them the regiments behind which were backing them up. This made an awkward set of circumstances to report to Washington, and it was generally agreed that the trouble was that there had been conveyed to the front lines a bogus order to retire.

The first year of the war saw five battles in the Upper Tract. The reason being that the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike crossed the Greenbrier Valley at this place and it was one of the most important thoroughfares in the nation at the outbreak of the war. It was well served by stage coach lines and it formed a favorite route for persons from the middle west whose business or pleasure took them to Washington or Richmond. While it was never so much used as the National Pike through Pennsylvania, yet at the same time it was considered an agreeable change to come one route and go the other.

A trip across the Appalachians is a never-failing wonder to each successive generation for the folding mountains as well as the eroded mountains of this Atlantis present the most pronounced mountain scenery to be found in America. The political significance of West Virginia seceding from Virginia had made the passes of the Alleghenies the most important spots on earth to the military operations on both sides.

The Federal army had been promptly formed from the volunteers from the populous States of Ohio and Indiana and they had been rushed to Grafton by railroad and from there they had fought their way up the Tygarts Valley until they were halted in July at the summit of Cheat Mountain.

The Confederates had hurried an army to meet them, and the foremost post was at Travellers Repose, composed of troops from Arkansas, Virginia, Georgia, and other States. Among them was the 31st Virginia, of which the home company was from Greenbank district where these battles took place in 1861.

The Federal army was camped on the high divide on Cheat at an elevation of about forty-two hundred feet and twenty miles east of them on the top of the main Allegheny the Confederates were camped at an elevation of about forty-one hundred feet. They lay there for months in sight of each other. In September the Confederates attempted to pass the Federal fortifications by going through the woods and got lost and had a battle and were forced back.

The new soldiers drilled and were trained in sight of each other on these high tops. In addition to these fortified camps, the Confederates had fortified the road at the western base of Allegheny mountain, where the road dips down to an elevation of three thousand feet to cross both forks of the Greenbrier River. This fort was known as Camp Bartow. Since the building of a town on the battle field the post office once known as Travellers Repose has been changed to Bartow. This camp was named in honor of Col. Francis S. Bartow of the 7th Georgia Regiment, who was killed in the battle of Bull Run in July, 1861. The camp was commanded by Gen. H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, who no doubt named it in honor of his friend. Colonel Bartow had said just before the fight, "I shall go into the fight with a determination never to leave it alive, but in victory," was shot through the heart while rallying the 7th Georgia. He lived but a few moments but he was able to say: "They have killed me but never give up the field." This was just when the Stonewall Brigade made the wild charge which won the battle.

It is about three miles the way the road goes along the bottom land between the foot of the main Allegheny and the foot of Back Allegheny. One fork of the river to one mountain and one to the other. The one to the west is known as the West Fork, but it has also been called the North Fork and another name was the Far Fork, as well as the Fur Fork. The one to the east is the East Fork but it is called in the war dispatches the South Fork. The West Fork flows south in a nearly straight line to the forks of Greenbrier in the town of Durbin. There is little level land on the West Fork. The East Fork is the longer. It follows the foot of the Allegheny to Bartow and then flows west for about three miles. Some level beautiful farms are on this fork. At one time there

was a lake here about seven miles long and half a mile broad. It was walled in by a mountain at Durbin, and when it broke and drained it left an opening called the Narrows, which is probably the best deer stand in the county. The Narrows divides the town of Durbin from the town of Frank where the big tannery is located. In the Narrows in the old days was a fine spring, and tradition is that Henry Clay had a hunting cabin at this place.

The bed of the old lake formed fine bottom lands and shortly after the Revolution, five pioneers settled in those rich lands: John Yeager, John Slaven, Abraham Burner, Moses Houchins, and Adam Arbogast, and at the outbreak of the Civil War the descendants of these men still held the lands. John Yeager the second, lived at the Top of Allegheny, and Peter D. Yeager had the bottom land where the stage stand known as Travellers Repose was located, which was the forks of the road where B. B. Beard's house stands. The Houchins and the Arbogast farms were farther up the stream where the town of Thornwood is located. The next farm along the pike was occupied by George Burner, one of the leading men of the county. This was known afterwards as the Charles Burner place. The farm on which the town of Durbin was built was occupied by J. H. Arbogast, another leading man of the mountains, and Jacob Slaven lived on the first top about four hundred feet higher to the west. All of them were secessionists. In fact there was hardly a Union man in the whole of Green Bank district. No where in the mountains were the Confederate States more solidly supported than in this district.

And the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike was the great highway that kept Pocahontas County in touch with the wide world. All sorts of distinguished travelers came through on the stages and the hospitable homes of the Upper Tract were known far and wide.

When I can first remember it the travel had fallen away and the grass grew in the pike where it crossed the Cheat country, but it has come much in evidence in the last twenty-five years since the country has been developed by the railroad building. And the days of the automobile bid fair to make it one of the favorite tourist routes.

After waiting for about two weeks in September, 1861, General Reynolds decided that he would advance an army east over the several crests until he could surround and subdue Staunton, which had become one of the most important centers in the Confederacy. The middle of September had seen him protecting the left flank of the army holding the Elkwater fort in Tygarts Valley, and he had kept Loring from passing. So he decided to do some passing himself.

He ordered the men to prepare four days' rations each and on the morning of the 3rd day of October, 1861, at the early hour of one o'clock a. m., he put his forces in motion and they marched down the mountain and crossed the Shavers Fork of Cheat, continued along the level road that leads to the divide with the waters of Greenbrier, and marched down the mountain to the Slaven plantation, and down the last hill, to the Arbogast farm at Durbin. He had about five thousand troops and six batteries of big guns. His forces were Howe's Battery, Fourth Regular Artillery, Loomis' Battery, Michigan Volunteer Battery,

Daum's Battery, and Virginia Volunteer Artillery. Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-second Ohio Regiments, and Seventh, Ninth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Indiana Regiments of Infantry, Robinson's Ohio Cavalry, Greenfield's Pennsylvania Cavalry and Brackman's Indiana Cavalry.

Opposed to them were the Third Arkansas, First Georgia, Twelfth Georgia, Twenty-third Virginia, Thirty-first Virginia, Rice's Battery and Schumaker's Battery.

The Federals got to Durbin about sun up in the morning and saw an advance guard under Colonel Edward Johnson in front of them in or above the Narrows. They set up a cannon or two and fired at them, and the advance guard fell back in good order and the Federals marched up the road and through the fields. Johnson had his horse shot from under him and killed in this engagement. He held the column up for an hour and it was not until six cannon had opened on him, and a flanking movement started on his right hand that he retired to the main works at Camp Bartow.

The Federal army placed two batteries in front of the Confederate breastworks. These batteries were six guns in the meadow about half way from the Burner house to the East Fork, and two guns on the other side of the turnpike.

The Confederate batteries were on a low hill to the north of the pike back of B. B. Beard's house, where there are embankments still plainly to be seen. And in addition Lieutenant Wooding placed a gun in the turnpike directly in front of B. B. Beard's house from which he fired ninety rounds that day point-blank at the enemy across the river bottom or obliquely down and across the river at the Federal batteries. He was highly praised in the dispatches for his men got killed off pretty rapidly. The big guns kept up a steady firing from seven in the morning until two-thirty in the afternoon. A rifled cannon that the Confederates expected would do great damage, was a severe disappointment, for after the first few rounds they could not get the shot down on account of the barrel fouling. The ball stuck and could not be dislodged until Sergt. Timothy H. Stamps could get to the battle from Monterey. There was more powder burned in the big guns during that seven hours than in any other battle in the mountains. It was a great day for noise.

But all this cannon firing was meant to afford cover for infantry work. It will be remembered that the turnpike is an east and west road and that there is a north and south road paralleling the river. This Huntersville road comes to the turnpike at the bridge and crosses the east fork there, and runs with it across the level bottom, and then turns up the river at the foot of the mountain lying between the forks. The Confederate breastworks overlooked a run coming into the river above the bridge and continued at an elevation of something like two hundred feet around to the rivers passing east of the tavern to where the river hugs the foot of the mountain. In this way they commanded the road coming from Durbin from both sides.

General Reynolds proceeded to send infantry against both ends of the Confederate breastworks. It looks like one could hardly call it a flanking movement for these detachments did not attempt to swing in wide

circles. It looks like the plan was to let the artillery keep everything hot along the turnpike, while a force was thrown against the left end of the Confederate works, and another against the right end of the Confederate position.

Jackson evidently expected to face a wide flung encircling movement for he had sent Johnson away up the river more than a mile, and he was clear above the place that the Federals attempted to cross.

Jackson entrusted the defense of his left (down the river), to Colonel Rust and his Arkansas troops. It will be remembered that the Federals had a right large order in that they had to charge across wide open fields, ford a small river, and climb a steep hill to take a fortified camp.

Rust marched down the road towards Green Bank until he had drawn away from the river some little distance and was on an elevation overlooking the river. He then marched by the end of the breastworks and took a station between the breastworks and the stream, and before he could form his men, the Federal batteries commenced a rapid fire, and a regiment of infantry left the road at the Burner homestead and marched across the meadow and waded the river and climbed the hill, but the Arkansas troops met them at the crest of the hill and fired on them, and made it so warm that this regiment went back down the hill and waded back across the river and found a reserve regiment by the Burner barn, and marched up the hill on the other side of the road. This was when Rust was considering following the Federals across the river and making a charge on the troops in the road and the battery in the meadow.

This movement of the Federal troops moving first to the right and then to the left of the road puzzled the Arkansas commander. It now appears that there was a very acrimonious discussion going on there at the Burner place as to what were the orders, one colonel being most positive that the orders were to charge on one side, and the other being that the charge should be made on the other side of the road. And it would appear that the regiment that got across the river and had to retreat decided the argument, for both regiments went into the woods to the north of the turnpike and materially added to the retreat and confusion that soon occurred in that quarter.

The Federal plan to win was by throwing full half of their forces to the north of the road and to charge across the open meadow and wade the river and to fall on the Confederates along the pike as it starts up the Allegheny Mountain. And this might have succeeded better if he had gone way up the river and crossed and come down as the Confederates expected them to do.

The mountain rising from the Burner house and facing the Allegheny is called Burner Mountain and rises to some four thousand feet and extends for miles north walling in the East Fork. It is around the shoulder of this mountain that the East Fork turns.

The Federal army as it came from the west turned into the shelter of this standing timber and clambered around the face of the mountain, until they had turned the corner. They then faced the breastworks of the Confederates and were distant less than half a mile. The forest

was clad in the many colors of autumn, but the leaves were still upon the trees. There was abundant cover for the attacking army so long as they stayed upon the hill, but the moment they left the mountain they were in cleared, level, bottom fields, across which they would have to advance in the face of a galling rifle fire and grapeshot from the big guns.

In massing the Federal troops on the wooded sides of Burner Mountain, the first halt seemed to be opposite the center of the Confederate breastworks which would be on a line that would cross the river just above the bridge, but it was a wide open space in which to make an infantry charge. And about this time the Federals observed the Confederate force waiting up the river, a mile or so above the bridge.

It was then seen that they would be exposed to a fire on their left flank if they attempted to cross the bottom at that place, so the first regiments to come sidled up the hill under cover until they got to a point about half a mile up the river from the bridge and at this place the woods crept down across the road leading to Thornwood, and consequently the advance could be made to the edge of the meadow under cover of the forest. The regiment in advance came to the edge of the meadow at this point, and taking shelter in the fringe of the forest opened up a fire across the river with long range rifles, and as this firing continued the other regiments including the regiments that were meant to charge the other end of the works came around the mountain and an overwhelming force was getting ready to charge. But the firing of the advance regiment caused the whole power of the Confederate artillery to be directed at the place where this rifle firing had begun, and it was so galling and terrifying that the regiment gave way and fell back in confusion, and the regiments in turn gave way, according to the Federal reports, in obedience to an order to about face and march off of the hill.

The Confederate reports say that it was a panic, because they could hear the orders of the officers commanding them to rally and reform for a charge.

Reynolds was satisfied with it and reported a successful reconnaissance. Just as Lee did when he appeared before the Elkwater fortifications. On the other hand the Confederates regarded the battle of the Greenbrier as a great victory and an important battle won.

The turning point of the battle was the discussion of the orders between the two Federal colonels.

Said Colonel Richardson: "My regiment is to attack on my right."

"Not at all," said Colonel Wilder, "You are to attack the enemy's right."

And that is another case of the poverty of our language and the difficulty of conveying thought. But for that the day might have ended differently.

Reynolds got back to his comfortable camp that night, having marched twenty-four miles and fought a battle with green troops.

Loss in killed and wounded: Federals 43; Confederates 52, including 13 missing. The Federals lost one stand of colors.

CHAPTER XI

The Battle of the Top of the Allegheny on December 13, 1861.

This is an article about the Battle of the Top of Allegheny, fought in Pocahontas County, December 13, 1861, between the forces of the Union under Gen. R. H. Milroy, and the forces of the Confederacy, under Gen. W. W. Loring, Col. Edward Johnson, commanding.

The two commands had camped within sight of each other since the 13th day of July, the day that the Federal forces had occupied the place at White's on Cheat Mountain. For five months the hostile camps had watched the smoke rising from the camp fires, across one of the big valleys of West Virginia. Each camp was in the high altitude of more than four thousand feet above the sea level.

The Federal advance had been here blocked and the summer and fall had been passed with battles and skirmishes and an extraordinary effort was planned by Milroy. Both armies were on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, a famous stage road which enjoyed in its time much of the travel that afterwards was accommodated by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The Federal camp was known officially as Camp Cheat Mountain Summit. The Confederate camp was known officially as Camp Baldwin, named in honor of a Confederate colonel of that name. Between the two for a good part of the time, and until the winter fastened down was Camp Bartow, named after a Confederate general who was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. This was at the ford of the East Fork of Greenbrier River at Travellers Repose, now the town of Bartow.

The Confederates had made a winter camp on top of Allegheny Mountain by erecting log cabins. As you go along the road there now you can see piles of stone placed at regular intervals which represent the chimneys of those cabins. You can see the trenches and fortifications at Cheat, Bartow, and Allegheny to this day. I have a recollection of seeing the log cabins on Allegheny Mountain. The pike climbs the mountain from its foot at Bartow to the top in long easy grades and it is an eight to ten-mile journey. The top of the mountain is a wind-swept pasture of good grazing land and the pike lies for some miles through this level tableland before it descends on the eastern side. In making the attack, the Federals had to climb up the side of the mountain and fight on top of the table.

There were three battles at the Greenbrier ford, October 3, October 31, and December 12. The Federals were repulsed in the first two engagements and returned to their camp on the top of Cheat. The advance of December 12 found the camp at the Greenbrier deserted, but on that day Maj. D. H. Ross, of the Fifty-second Virginia, had been dispatched to that point with 106 men to form an ambuscade on the road between Durbin and Bartow. When the advance guard came up, Ross and his men fired on them and killed ten men and wounded a number of others. The Federals deployed and advanced in great force and Ross withdrew and reached Camp Baldwin that night.

Ambrose Bierce was marching with the Federals that day. If ever

I have a literary executioner, he will find that years ago I referred casually to Ambrose Bierce as a Confederate soldier, being misled by an article of his that appeared shortly after he came back here to visit his fighting ground. I understood him to say that he had camped at Bartow, and naturally I jumped to the conclusion that he was a Confederate.

Since reading more of his books I am better informed now. He tells of a horror that was incidental to the battles of December 12 and 13. He said that after they had started to advance from Cheat, they marched down the mountain all day and up the other mountain all night.

The firing at the foot of the mountain halted the advancing columns for a time but after the nest had been cleared out the army reached the forks of the road where the Green Bank road joins the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, where B. B. Beard now lives. Then it was the old tavern known as Travellers Repose where the stage coaches changed horses.

At this place the army was divided. Something like half of them marched down the Green Bank road and turned at the Uriah Heavener farm and climbed the road that is still used as a short cut up the leading ridge between Saulsbury Run and Buffalo Run.

The rest continued up the pike. As the battle was scheduled to begin before daylight, the dead were not buried but were laid on the upper side of the road and covered with blankets. As the soldiers passed that way many of them stopped to look at the dead boys to see if they recognized a friend among them. The next day as they returned from the battle ground defeated, they found that a drove of hogs had been at the bodies and had eaten the faces of the dead men. The soldiers fired a volley and killed the hogs and gathered up the dead soldiers and buried them. This dreadful thing is described by Ambrose Bierce in his book entitled "Iconoclastic Memories of the Civil War." He said that when they got in sight of the dead men on that retreat, it seemed that they had moved and tossed their coverings off. War is too great a price to pay for glory.

It will be remembered that when the pike gets within a mile of the top of the mountain that it makes a sharp curve to the south and from there it climbs gently to the top where it passes a church. The Federal army left the pike at that curve and climbed directly up the hillside, the purpose being to get in behind the camp. But there were pickets out and the camp was alarmed by their shots at 4:15 that winter morning, and the Confederates marched several companies out to meet the Federals as they came to the top. The Federal army came to the edge of the forest and waited until near daylight and then advanced into the open field and the firing became general. The opposing lines swung back and forwards and at one stage of the battle the Confederates on this, their right flank, were driven to take shelter in their log cabins, and there was fighting all over the place from seven in the morning until two in the afternoon.

The party advancing up the crest of Buffalo Ridge failed in its purpose of surprising the camp. On that side of the camp there were trenches prepared to guard both roads and there was some very efficient

artillery. The trenches were full of soldiers prepared for the emergency but when the Federals first appeared, Captain Anderson, of the Lee Battery, thinking that it was a band of pickets being driven in, sprang up on the side of the trench and called to them to hurry up and get into the trenches. He was shot and instantly killed by the troops and the fighting went on until the retreat was sounded and the Federal army made its slow and disconsolate way back to Cheat Mountain Summit. According to the dispatches that went in to the Confederate headquarters it was a great battle and a great victory. According to the report sent in by the Federals it was a reconnaissance in force. According to the Confederate reports 1,200 Confederates had repulsed an army of 5,000. The Federal reports show that they had 1,760 men and the Confederates had 2,500. Now that the Federal reports and the Confederate reports are printed in the same book, it is to be noticed that this same discrepancy always may be expected.

The damage done was as follows: Federal loss, 20 dead, 107 wounded, 10 missing, total 147. Confederate loss, 20 killed, 98 wounded, 28 missing, total 146.

As a Christmas gift, J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, wrote that President Jefferson Davis having been informed of the valor of Col. Edward Johnson in repulsing a vastly superior force, was much gratified at the news of success, and had made him a brigadier general.

This was the last battle of the season of 1861 on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. The troops went into winter quarters. Ambrose Bierce says that he spent many a winter day in the snow up to his knees tracking bears to their dens. I fear his memory of bear hunts was not accurate for the Cheat Mountain bears usually hole up prior to the first big snow and hibernate. Still there may have been so many soldiers among the thornless blackberries of Cheat in the summer that the bears did not get fat enough to sleep.

April 1, General Fremont commanding the Mountain Department, wrote to Milroy at Huttonsville to get ready to take the road again. The Mountain Department consisted of something like thirty-four thousand soldiers divided into six districts. Cumberland, Railroad, Cheat Mountain, Kanawha, Big Sandy, and Cumberland Gap. Cheat Mountain had 6,082 men. On the 6th of April, 1862, Milroy marched into the deserted camp on top of the Allegheny and took charge. On the 12th of April he had reached Monterey, and routed a Confederate force, and on May 8, he met the Confederates under Stonewall Jackson at McDowell and suffered a defeat, and he then abandoned the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and went around another way, extricating his army by way of Franklin and the South Branch Valley.

About this time in the beginning of the second year of the war with the troops swept out from northern West Virginia, the irregular fighters commenced to cause trouble. They called them guerillas at first but afterwards they coined the word bushwhacker for them, meaning one who shoots from ambush. It was the curse of a brave and impetuous people such as are to be found in the mountains, that they could not help taking part in the fighting, whether they had been sworn in as soldiers or not. They carried guns like city men carry canes, and they shot on

one side or other according to their convictions. Milroy wrote to Fremont that such bands were being mustered in and asked that Governor Pierpoint, at Wheeling send recruiters to hold as many to the Federal side as possible.

I think that a personal letter that Gen. J. D. Imboden wrote from the mountains gives as good a picture as can be had of the irregular troops. It was while he was marching through the mountains as a colonel with his regiment, and he writes from the Forks of Waters, Highland County:

"There are no troops of consequence west of Beverly. Just in the edge of the village of St. George, I was riding some distance ahead of my men and suddenly came upon old John Snyder and one of the Parsons, both armed with rifles. Parsons fled and I got into a fight with Snyder. Just as he was aiming at me with his long rifle, I fired at him with my revolver. He dropped his gun like a hot potato and leaned forward on the neck of his horse and escaped into the laurel. Pursuit was immediate but he escaped. I have since learned from some refugees that I wounded him badly, though I fear not mortally. I had a fair shot at about 50 yards and I aimed at his hips. We were bushwacked about half a day in Tucker as we fell back from St. George by Union men, but the cowardly scoundrels went so far up the mountains that they only hit one of my men, and he was but slightly wounded in the foot. I sent out a whole company once to try to catch three bushwackers, but it was impossible to come up with them in the brush. If I had caught them I intended hanging them in five minutes. The greatest difficulty in our way out here is the infernal Union men. They carry intelligence and bushwack us when they can, and yet will swear allegiance a dozen times a day. The proper policy to pursue towards Union men who are not in arms as soldiers is one of the most difficult problems that I have to deal with."

The private soldiers found the winter long on Cheat Mountain and Milroy at Huttonsville grew restive before it was over. On March 16, 1862, he was chafing at the delay. That day he wrote to Gen. W. S. Rosecrans a plan of a campaign. He proposed to take his 3,000 infantry and march to a point seven miles east of the summit of Cheat Mountain, and instead of trying to go by the pike which was blocked by Camp Baldwin, he would turn to the right at the foot of the mountain and go to Green Bank eight miles from Baldwin. This road was not entirely cut out, referring, no doubt, to timber blockades so commonly used in this section during that war. At Huntersville twenty miles from Green Bank he would sweep out of the way the Confederate force consisting of twelve or thirteen hundred soldiers and two pieces of artillery. Here he suggested that he would wait until he could be reinforced by General Cox from Lewisburg. With that force he would cross over the Frost Gap into Highland and get to the rear of the camp on the Allegheny, which had at that time about 2,000 men. His greatest need was for some modern cannon. He had smooth bores and he wanted rifled guns. The reason for haste was that the day before had been set for the drafting of the militia of Pocahontas and Highland counties and that many citizens to escape the draft were hiding in the mountains and trying to escape. Seven had arrived the day before and they told him that Gen-

eral Johnson had been to Richmond to tell the war department that if he was not reinforced by 5,000 troops, that the Yankees would surround him. Milroy closed by saying that he feared the game he watched so long might escape him.

On the 19th day of March, three days later he wrote that forty-six refugees from Pocahontas and Highland counties had come to him to escape being drafted into the rebel army; that the penalty to refuse to be drafted was death.

Milroy moved a couple of weeks later and found that the game he had watched so long had really escaped.

March 31, 1862, Milroy at Huttonsville reported that refugees continued to come into his camp in great destitution in squads of from 5 to 25. This day twelve arrived from Pocahontas County and reported that the impressment still continued. A report came that 300 Confederate guerillas attacked a Union settlement in Pendleton County and were repulsed by 75 Union citizens. Confederates were reinforced and citizens driven back. Milroy had sent Major Webster and 300 men of the 25th Ohio to their assistance.

On April 12, 1862, Milroy wrote from Monterey that all kinds of bad men were organizing into gangs in western Virginia to plunder and devastate the counties there. One of the "cut-throats" that he had captured had blank commissions signed by Governor Letcher for guerilla captains and lieutenants. (We called them rangers.) Milroy suggested that if there was a live governor in Wheeling that he be sent out to organize Union home guards.

April 16, 1862, Gen. Geo. Crook reports that he is not able to apprehend the bushwhackers. He wrote from Summerville. He said they took to the woods and disintegrated and hid and then reassembled for fresh depredations. He thinks that if the Federal soldiers were withdrawn that the Union citizens would defend themselves but that they would not raise a hand while the army was there.

April 4, 1862, Gen. William Skeen wrote to the Confederate headquarters that these men that Virginia had authorized to organize as rangers for the home defense were devastating the country, and had killed three citizens of Pocahontas County and stolen fifteen horses. He complained of them as bitterly as did the Federal generals.

April 18, 1862, General Fremont ordered General Milroy, General Schenck, and Col. T. M. Harris to break up and destroy the guerilla organizations. "All adult males found at the houses of Sylvanus Harper, of Bennett, of Hedwick, of Ferris, and the Arbigasses, should be arrested, and every effort made to kill or capture all who belong to those bands in that vicinity."

May 1, 1862, Milroy wrote from McDowell that the guerillas had captured 20 wagons and 80 horses, and that he had compelled the neighborhood to furnish another wagon train and horses.

May 9, 1862, Crook wrote again from Summersville, that he had had word that 300 Moccasin Rangers were raiding Webster County and that he had sent an expedition there, but had found but three and they were too sick to be removed.

It will be seen by these reports at the time that the mountain men

had divided in sentiment and had gone to war on their own hook. It was here that the word bushwhacker was coined. The dictionary says that it was a name for a Confederate guerilla, but we know it was used to designate anyone who shot from the brush. The soldiers who rode in these mountains believed that they were able by a sixth sense to feel the presence of bushwhackers, just as it was the belief that in Indian times, that the settlers had premonition of the coming of the Indians into a community.

During the first year of the war, the western waters were invested with a number of armies and there was hardly a county where there were not troops. In the mountains these soldiers covered all the territory. When they were withdrawn after the battle of the Allegheny, then it was that hundreds if not thousands of able-bodied mountain men took up arms to defend themselves, and there were uneasy times.

Soldiers at home on furloughs responded to appeals for assistance and little armies would spring up in a day and have a skirmish, and disband as quickly as they had come together. It was but an echo of the minute men of the Revolution.

The courts did not meet and the citizens suffered from the needs of soldiers of both armies and from the irregular troops. It is certain that nowhere in the country was there such peril to inhabitants as in these mountain counties. In the northwestern counties, the Federal arms from the first provided safety for the citizens, but in counties on both sides of the Allegheny there was great distress and danger on account of the strength that was divided between the two sides.

One general took to arresting men who had sons in the Confederate army, and he was quickly recalled, for it so often happened in these cases that the prisoners had sons in the Federal army also, and he retired before a storm of his own raising.

Word has recently come that Ambrose Bierce, who disappeared about 1913, went to Mexico during the days of General Villa and that he attached himself to the body of men surrounding that insurgent; that he was tired and sick of existence and so conducted himself that he was shot and killed in some way in that war.

CHAPTER XII

Battle of Cheat Mountain. This is a study of troops from the lowlands in the high mountains.

A mountaineer is an inhabitant of a mountain region as opposed to lowlander who lives on the levels or low-lying lands. The mountaineer is the wilder of the two. He is more active, more virile, and wilder. He grows strong with the struggle to maintain life. As compared to him the lowlander is as one who is down and therefore fears no fall. He is very sedate, he is good to his mate, and fond of amusement, too, he lives in a flat and is apt to grow fat, of a breed that runs even and true. But the mountaineer bold, is a hard man to hold, he has hair on the back

of his hands, he leads in the ruction, of war and destruction, and is ready to meet all demands.

It is a study to see the lowlander trying to be familiar with the mountains. He is like a fish out of water. They overawe him and he steps high and softly when he is among them and leaves them at the first decent opportunity. There is no question but that the mountains get his goat.

For many years the first map makers of the colonies would lay down the Appalachian range and mark the maps, impassable mountains. It was accepted as a fact that the snow never melted on them in the summer time, and that no matter how far an explorer succeeded in clambering over them, still higher mountains presented themselves as barriers to his progress. And they insisted that the country was so broken and uneven it could never be good for anything.

The lowlander today when he comes to the mountains for the first time suffers from a hypersensitive condition and is afflicted with a mild attack of mountain sickness caused by a rarer air than he has been accustomed to. This is not pronounced enough to endanger his health but it does cause a feeling of discomfort and he is inclined to be critical of what he sees. It is the provincialism and the malaria working out, aggravated by the jumbled masses that tower over him. He never realizes that the mountaineers actually prize their mountains and that they despise the dead level of the plains. The mountaineer especially cherishes a noisy stream. He does not like the still waters so highly spoken of in the twenty-third Psalm.

There must be something in common between mountain sickness and sea sickness, for when a man with imagination finds himself upon the vast ocean for the first time and realizes the awe of the mighty deep, he generally tries to throw up his toe nails. And they say that is caused by the pitching of the boat. It is more apt to be the hypersensitive condition of being confronted by nature in an awe-inspiring form.

If it is the pitching of the boat why is it that little children, and aged persons, and the blind do not show the same symptoms? One of the remedies for sea sickness is to blindfold the patient.

Charles Kingsley said: "My first feeling on entering the high woods was helplessness, confusion, awe, all but terror."

Percy Bysshe Shelley said: "I never knew—I never imagined what mountains were before. The immensity of these aural summits excited, when they suddenly burst upon the sight, a sentiment of ecstatic wonder, not unallied to madness."

And the gentleman from Chicago in the mountains disapproved of the scenery as "ungodly," and the experience of his traveling companion whose stomach departed from him.

It is the intention in this article to relate how Cheat Mountain got the collective goat of an army in war time and changed the history of the country.

A few years ago as the wilderness of Cheat Mountain was being timbered off the workmen would come upon old muskets, sabers, and bayonets lost in these uplands of hell by a lost army of demoralized men who had been sent into those tangled thickets to turn the position of a forti-

fied camp at White's Top. These men suffered peril and privation and no one ever knew how many of them left their bones to whiten in the forest.

At the beginning of the Civil War which was to be ended in ninety days the prophets all thought that it would be fought out in the mountains of West Virginia. When Virginia wrenched loose from the constitution a part of the great corner stone of the Republic adhered to the Union and both north and south rushed armies to hold the fragment.

McClellan swept everything before him for he had railroad transportation into the center of the state, while the Confederates were gathering from the Cotton States and from Virginia by slow marching and wagon trains over the endless mountains. By the middle of the summer McClellan had a large army in Tygarts Valley just below where the Elkwater Creek comes in from the west. Here the valley had narrowed and that army dug one of the biggest trenches and bunkers of the war to hold the road. To keep the fort from being flanked and surprised from behind, another army had made a most elaborate fortified camp at White's Top of Cheat on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. This place also lent itself to easy defense. The road here passes through a gap between two beautiful hills, and the soldiers fortified both sides of it. To capture the forts would require a charge up the steep hill-sides, and to pass between them would invite a sudden and complete destruction to an army.

The Confederate forces took all of the Greenbrier Valley, the next valley east of Tygart's Valley. They had armies at Bartow, and at Huntersville (Camp Northwest), and at Marlinton. These troops came from all over the south. They had been rushed there owing to the fact that it soon became apparent that West Virginia west of the great divide was not going to put many troops in the field to aid secession.

And as there was no one in command of the several armies, that is, no commander in chief, enter the great Robert E. Lee, as fine a Virginian gentleman as ever broadened an a. Graduated in 1829 first in his class at West Point. Head of that institution later. A colonel in the army. Resident at Arlington on the Potomac. He resigned from the service of the Union with regret to cast his fortunes with Virginia. He was made major general of Virginia and commander in chief of Virginia's troops in April, 1861, but on the formation of the Confederacy, his rank was fixed as brigadier general and he was ordered to the Greenbrier Valley to take command of the units here. At Camp Northwest, there was General Loring, a North Carolinian, who outranked Lee. At Marlinton Col. Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, was in command.

He was in charge of green troops in the wettest summer that this county ever saw. We had thirteen inches of rain in August this year and seven inches in December with wet weather at other times, and it has been compared to the year 1861 for genuine wetness.

His troops were volunteers and amateurs in the art of war. They were destined to become seasoned troops later in the war but there was a lot of sickness in the camps that summer. Lee made his main camp on the Seneca Trail twenty miles north of Marlinton. All the histories say that he rested on Valley Mountain. That is true in part for that

was the pass that his forefront watched, but his main camp was south of the pass through Middle Mountain, the next mountain south of Valley Mountain, and the signs there today show the greatest amount of work.

The two armies faced each other on the pike for upwards of two months both waiting to give battle.

Speaking about green troops, many years after the war some city men came to this county to hunt and were the guests of one of the leading men of the county at his plantation. The topic of the war came up and something brought to mind the 808th Virginia regiment. One of the city men told a tale: "Headquarters sent an inspector to report on the 808th and 809th regiments. The letter that he got said that headquarters had heard that the 808th and 809th were nothing but bands of organized horse thieves. Investigate and report. The inspector replied that he had looked them over and that the report was not exactly correct. That the 808th was an organized gang of horse thieves, but that the 809th was an unorganized gang of horse thieves."

A glimmer of a smile appeared on the face of one or two in the room but as for the host, fierce he broke forth: "It's a damned lie—I belonged to the 809th!" And it was one of the most embarrassing moments the witty man ever knew.

But there were not many mountain men in the armies. Henry A. Wise of the Horse Pistol, wrote from Bungers Mill, four miles west of Lewisburg, August 1, 1861, that West Virginia was gone so far as the Confederacy was concerned and that the people of the western waters were submitting, debased and subdued in the belief that the Confederacy could never retake the northwestern part of the State, and that he had fallen back from Kanawha not a minute too soon.

The most of the troops who honored this county with their presence that summer were lowlanders from the cotton country and that is why the mountain got them.

Valley Mountain as soon as it crosses the turnpike and commences to tower in the air is called Cheat Mountain and it is as bold a rampart as is to be found in the State. It curves around away from the pass like a horseshoe and the eastern side is Back Allegheny, and the side that looks down on Elkwater and Huttonsville is Cheat. In this horseshoe the main fork of Cheat River heads and by the time it gets to where the Staunton and Parkersburg road crosses it about twenty miles in an air line, it is a considerable stream. Up against the outer rim of the horseshoe the Ohio River heads as the Tygarts Valley River. Lee must have felt that summer that he was biting on granite. Sickness in the camp, and nothing going right. He planned to attack the fortification at Elkwater about the middle of September. The army at Bartow was to cross the wilderness and fall in behind the forces at White's Top on the pike, and while a part of the troops held the army on White's Top, the rest would drop down into Tygarts Valley and march up stream and attack the fortification in the rear, while Lee marched down stream and gave them what-for in their front. Never was a battle better planned and never was one worse executed, but to one who knows what the spruce woods on top of Cheat are like, it is apparent that Lee could

not have known the character of the country, or he would not have required it of them.

Lee had not seen any of the spruce woods. His camps were all in hardwood territory where a man may walk with some degree of comfort and speed. But to take an army in the night time through the jungles of Cheat was an unheard of project. The evergreens are as thick as wheat in a field. There are great patches of laurel a bear could hardly penetrate. The dense growth of something like a hundred thousand board feet to the acre means that the ground is covered with decaying trunks. There are plants there that are called hobblebush that make a passage painful and difficult. And there are windfalls that cannot be negotiated in the night time.

And realizing that the pike was sealed, the orders were on the night of September 13, to climb the mountain and parallel the pike on both sides and silently pass over the mountains and fall in behind the enemy at White's Top.

You will remember that after topping Back Allegheny Mountain it is some miles across a boggy, swampy country, so covered with fir that the sun could hardly light it in the daytime, and once across that, Cheat Mountain was to be climbed.

To add to the horrors of those southern boys from a warm climate, the first snow of the winter began to fall that night and when the men got into that dank morass through which Cheat River winds its murky way, they scattered. All sense of direction was lost and the soldiers were cold and freezing, lost and bewildered. Few shots were exchanged with the enemy. It is to be supposed that a few of the soldiers would drift out that way but as it was uphill, not very many. Under circumstances like this men throw away their arms and engage in a mad scramble to get somewhere, or else sit down under a tree and stay there until they die.

Of course, the greater number found their way back to camp or to the Valley Mountain camp, but it was days before the army was in shape to present a warlike front. The attack of September 14 had failed because the mountains took a hand in the business and it was destined that these troops should not make a battle field out of the smiling meadows near the Elkwater.

To give you some idea of how dense the growth may be in Cheat, sometime ago a party of us in that difficult country came on a growth of young fir trees covering a great acreage that we estimated to grow forty-five thousand trees to the acre. The top of this forest looks as closely woven as carpet.

Loring had charge of this flanking movement. Putting one and one together, we find that the army was lost in the wilderness on the night of the 13th of September, and that on the next day Lee sent down from his Valley Mountain camp a reconnoitering party under the command of Maj. John A. Washington and that this party approaching the Federal breastworks were fired upon and Major Washington was killed. There can be little doubt but that Lee sent that party down the valley to ascertain, if he could, whether the army had got across Cheat, and was in the valley north of and below the Elkwater fort.

In the meantime Lee was bedeviled with the troubles of two contending rivals, those roosters, General Floyd and General Wise who were quarreling in the Kanawha Valley as to which was in supreme command, both calling on Lee to support their contentions, as Lee was the highest officer of Virginia, though only a brigadier general of the Confederacy. What is a surprise to most people is to hear that Gen. Robert E. Lee did not become commander-in-chief of all the Confederate forces until 1865, just before the war closed.

Lee evidently decided not to attack the strongly fortified Federals at either of their impregnable forts. Anyway there was no more fighting that year on the Randolph and Pocahontas line near Mingo Flats nor yet at White's Top.

After that Lee evidently decided to remain on the defensive. And the Federals had been on the defensive the whole time.

Now here is a bit of history that will not be found in any of the books or dispatches, but I got it from eye-witnesses, most reliable men, and while it was still fresh in their minds. I taught a school at Big Spring on the site of Lee's encampment. The old men told me that the wet summer of 1861 terminated in one of the biggest rains that ever fell in these mountains producing one of the greatest flood ever known in these streams, and that the big rain of all rains culminated in a down-pour that lasted all night, and that by daylight next morning, both armies, Federal and Confederate, had broken camp in the night and the tempest, and that both were in headlong retreat. The Confederates fled south up the Old Field Fork of Elk and cut a timber barricade at Crooked Fork at the foot of Elk Mountain. I have seen this barricade myself. The Federal forces retreated down Tygarts River, and it was the case with both armies that a number of men were drowned in the fordings of the creeks.

The Union forces turned east at Huttonsville and marched towards Staunton and fought the battle of Greenbrier, the battle of the Top of Allegheny, the battle of Monterey, and the Battle of McDowell, all on the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. Stonewall Jackson turned them at McDowell and they went by Franklin.

Lee having extricated his army went to Richmond, and soon after that he was sent to take charge of the coast defenses of South Carolina and Georgia and he spent the first winter of the war in the far South.

The passway on top of Valley Mountain is the southeastern corner of the district of West Augusta, and when the troops in the night time reached the summit of Back Allegheny Mountain looking down on the Greenbrier River they crossed over the eastern line of West Augusta, and that dreadful night they passed in the spruce woods was on West Augusta territory.

I can find no evidence of Lee having gone into southern West Virginia that fall. Wise and Floyd fought it out down there with more or less success but their armies marched east across the mountains before winter. And to the north the Confederates fell back to the top of the Allegheny practically evacuating all of the western waters at the end of the first year's campaign.

Last summer the new highway over Middle Mountain and Valley

Mountain was being graded as Route 24, or Seneca Trail, and at one place the excavation uncovered a great army dump pile in which all sorts of war trophies were to be found ranging from muskets to parts of cannon. This was left by Lee's first command in the civil war.

The only luck that the Federal forces had in 1861 was in West Virginia, and I will always believe that the mountains won that for them.

Ambrose Bierce was a Union soldier in camp at White's Top, at the time of the movement on September 14. He was a seasoned trooper, having served his first three months and beginning on his second enlistment. He does not know that an attack was made or contemplated.

He says: "It was a strange country. Nine in ten of us had never seen a mountain, nor a hill, as high as a church spire, until we had crossed the Ohio River. In power upon the emotions nothing, I think, is comparable to a first sight of mountains. To a member of a plains tribe, born and reared on the flats of Ohio or Indiana, a mountain region was a perpetual miracle. Space seemed to have taken on a new dimension; areas to have not only length and breadth, but thickness. Modern literature is full of evidence that our great grandfathers looked upon mountains with aversion and horrors."

He was speaking of the time that he guarded a pass on the summit of Cheat Mountain through which no one wanted to go, and on a road that led from nowhere to the southeast.

As for Robert E. Lee when he found his summer's work reduced to nothing by this great mishap of the jungle, he was inclined to believe the report that the mountaineer guide had misled his troops and lost them in the fen, and for a time it looked like he was about ready to hang a certain young Pocahontas County man who had undertaken to guide the army. But Lee must have found out that he had been at fault himself in ordering his men to penetrate the Cheat Bottom in the night time, for nobody was executed and the guide lived to be an old man and a respected citizen of this county.

CHAPTER XIII

Battle of Elkwater. When General R. E. Lee gave up the northwestern part of Virginia as a bad job.

The battle of Elkwater was the Civil War battle that was never fought. There was some slaughter but both sides drew back without going on with the great conflict that was staged. Both sides were on the defensive. The Federal forces were dug in in Tygarts Valley, Randolph County, below the mouth of the considerable creek called Elkwater, for the purpose of holding the Confederates from marching into the northwestern part of West Virginia, and the Confederates were entrenched on Middle Mountain to hold the Federal army from marching through Marlinton, Huntersville, and Warm Springs, and taking possession of the Virginia Central Railroad at Millboro. That is the reason that both armies were

content to face each other for eight weeks during the summer months of 1861.

Robert E. Lee to the end of the war shone more as a defensive strategist than he did in his offensive movements. In this he was the antithesis of Stonewall Jackson, who came down on them like a wolf on the fold. Note Lee's failure in the Gettysburg campaign.

The Federal forces were flushed with the victories of Philippi, Rich Mountain and Carrick's Ford. McClellan had won these and it made him commander-in-chief, so he went to Washington to take charge of the far-flung battle lines, and left General Reynolds to make a fortified camp at Elkwater, while General Rosecrans marched on to Kanawha.

The road from Marlinton to Elkwater, now called the Seneca Trail is almost due north and south. From Marlinton it is more or less up hill for seven miles until it tops Elk Mountain. Then it descends a short distance to the upper waters of Elk River and follows the Old Field Fork down for about nine miles to the forks, crossing Slaty Fork near its mouth; there to the Big Spring of Elk Fork. The pike follows this stream to the post office Linwood, four miles, and then continues north ascending Middle Mountain two miles, then across a head of a hollow about a mile to the top of Valley Mountain, the line between Randolph County and Pocahontas County, and thence about ten miles to the Elkwater fort. It was an important pike at the beginning of the Civil War, being one of the Commonwealth's highways, under the internal improvement schemes that Virginia had engaged in so heavily for thirty-odd years immediately prior to the war.

The country is, and was at that time nearly all cleared and the road lined with fine farms between Marlinton and Elkwater.

The Union army had won signal victories in Randolph and Tucker counties July 11, 12 and 13, 1861, and the news had just time to spread over the nation for a general rejoicing, when on July 21st, the Confederates won a big battle at Bull Run and convinced the North that there was serious trouble ahead.

McClellan was ordered to leave some one in command in the mountains and get the war going again.

He arranged to hold the Confederates back. The immense size of the ditch and bank at Elkwater is still to be noticed. So it is not surprising to find an order to the effect that this was to be an extra big barrier, as well as the one on Cheat Mountain. That is evidence enough that the Federals did not propose to advance any farther into the enemy's country that summer but would hold what they had won in the northern part of West Virginia and concentrate on driving Wise and Floyd out of the Kanawha Valley.

Reynolds made the fort at Elkwater, and Kimball of the Fourteenth Indiana Regiment, made the one at Cheat Summit generally referred to as White Top, where a man by the name of White lived. The Cheat Summit camp was on the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike and this road ran southeast from Huttonsville, gradually leaving the pike from that place to Marlinton. Cheat Summit is almost due east from Elkwater where the camp was and a trail led down the mountain making a short cut seven miles long between the two places. The wagon roads

around by Huttonsville between the camps covered a distance of eighteen miles.

These camps were formed on or about the 13th or 14th of July. The first troops of the Confederates to arrive at Middle Mountain were the Bath Cavalry on July 28th, followed by Col. Stephen Lee, with the Sixth North Carolina Regiment. The plan of fortifying Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain was the result of a report made by William Skeen, an attorney of Huntersville, who furnished a map of the country, and who pointed out that the Virginia Central Railway was exposed to an attack at Millboro as much as it was at Staunton, and that the distance by turnpike was much less than to Staunton.

In the meantime troops had been pouring into Staunton from all over the South and had been routed by way of Monterey on the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. The information furnished by Skeen was seized upon immediately by Robert E. Lee at Richmond, and he had a good deal of trouble getting the officers at Staunton to cease to send troops by Monterey and to detrain them at Millboro. His preemptory orders finally resulted in long columns of men being marched by the southern route by Warm Springs, Huntersville, Marlinton and Edray. William Skeen was a prominent man in the history of Pocahontas County. He had been clerk of the courts before the war, and then practiced law. He was noted for his fine penmanship and his flights of oratory. The Commonwealth was referred to by him as the "virgin daughter of a virgin queen," and he was fighting for the idea of states' rights.

These troops gathered at Monterey, Bartow, Huntersville, and Marlinton, were called the Northwestern Army, and General Loring was placed in command of this army by an order from General Lee dated July 20th. This was the officer who had outranked Robert E. Lee but who took his orders from Lee. But it was not long until Lee himself came to the mountains and took over the command. He arrived at Valley Mountain August 8th, and from that time to September 14th, that was Headquarters of the Forces, that title traveling with Lee from Richmond to the Big Spring.

Here is a list of the headquarters in West Virginia during the wet summer of 1861. Lee was at Valley Mountain from August 8 to August 15; at Meadow Bluff on September 24; and at Sewell Mountain on October 20. During 1861, all of Robert E. Lee's activities in camp were confined to West Virginia, the rest of the time being spent at Richmond.

At Clarksburg was another West Virginia lawyer who was willing to advise the war department from the Federal side. John S. Carlile on August 15, 1861, wrote to Simeon Cameron, Secretary of War, for God's sake to send more troops and a general to command them or they would be whipped in ten days; that four Confederate armies were marching on the northwest by Mingo Flats, and that the Mingo Flats road was not guarded. Here was the original Godsaker about whom we heard so much in the World War. He was mistaken about the Mingo Flats road not being guarded for the Elkwater fort was there for that very purpose.

And about this time another defender was brought to light. It was a bushwhacker. By a letter dated July 19, 1861, Gen. H. R. Jackson

wrote to headquarters that he had recruited home guards to the number of one hundred and eighty men, and that as all of them had corn to work, he had agreed that if they left eighty of their best riflemen, the rest might return to their crops. These eighty riflemen were familiar with the country and were to "annoy the enemy from the hills and bushes."

So the mountain armies filled the passes and watched each other during the weeks of August and the first part of September. In the Federal camp at Elkwater were two companies from Indiana who were in gray uniform and these men mingled with the Confederates in their big camp at Valley Mountain. On Sunday the 8th of September a scouting party got as far as Mingo from the Elkwater and had a skirmish at four o'clock in the morning of the 9th in which they reported having killed fifteen secessionists and wounded as many more. And they learned that a general advance was to take place that day and they fell back with the news. And it is now seen that Lee made a general order to advance dated September 9.

There is in this series a chapter telling of the way the Confederate forces got lost in the Cheat River jungles about Cheat Bridge and thereby prevented Lee from having a pitched battle at Elkwater. These troops were from the army at Bartow and they were to pass through the laurel and the hobblerod in the night time to the south of the camp at Cheat Summit and after much suffering and many hardships they came straggling back, defeated, weary and discouraged. In studying the evidence that is left of the Elkwater affair, I have found out something more about that lost legion. They attempted to go through the wilderness on the night of the 11th of September. None of the pickets or sentinels of the Federal camp on the mountain knew that any such movement was taking place. This is conclusive that they did not top the mountain on the pike. And early in the morning there were parts of three regiments that had passed by the camp and gotten to the pike in the rear, for early that morning, the 12th, three army wagons started from Cheat Summit for supplies, and they rolled into the Confederate army about a mile west of the encampment and were captured. The number of Confederate soldiers on the pike west and in the rear were estimated by the Federal officers to be twenty-five hundred men. They took the horses and men and disappeared in thick forest.

From this time on the skirmishing in the big forests of Cheat assumed the character of Indian fighting. Later in the day a company of Indiana troops caught sight of some Confederates four miles west of the camp at the summit and had a battle with them, the Federal troops remaining in the road and the Confederates disappearing in the timber.

It now appears that these Indiana troops had been camped in the dense spruce for full two months and the active young soldiers had nothing better to do than to become thoroughly acquainted with the wonders of such a wilderness. Few of them had ever seen a mountain or a forest of any great extent before. They had roamed in the mountains hunting and fishing and having as good a time as they could under the circumstances, and in the battle in the woods they had the soldiers who had come from Arkansas and other Southern States at a great dis-

advantage. The object of the Confederate flanking movement was to get in behind the Summit camp and take another place which was a small camp and supply point known as Cheat Mountain Pass ten miles west of the summit at the northern base of Cheat Mountain, and the skirmish in the afternoon of the 12th, interfered with this movement.

On the 12th the big army on Valley Mountain moved forward. About half way between the Valley Mountain camp and Elkwater fort, is the town of Valley Head. This is the point that the Webster County road, the Point Mountain pike joins the Seneca Trail and the Federal forces had been maintaining an advance guard at that point.

The Confederate army at this point was about nine thousand strong, and after a battle at the forks of the road at Valley Head, the Federals fell back and the Confederates did not advance. Along the road that follows the river bottom the land was cleared, but between that strip of settled country and the great Cheat Mountain there is a great stretch of broken wooded country through which many streams flow down from Cheat Mountain to the Valley River. Some of these are small runs and others are considerable creeks. At Valley Head, Lee sent three regiments north along the base of Cheat Mountain through the woods to join the flanking army that was to cross from Bartow. These regiments marched all day and came to the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike to the west of the Summit and cut the telegraph wire between the two Federal camps, and effected a junction with part of the Bartow troops.

General Reynolds found by nightfall on the 12th, that he was in a precarious position. Both roads to the Summit camp were in possession of the enemy. The wagon train had been captured, and his own wagon train loaded with supplies for the Summit camp and which were badly needed, had no chance to get through.

So about three in the morning of Friday, the thirteenth, he sent one army to open up the wagon road, and another army to open the bridge path.

As a matter of fact, it would appear that the Confederates had about fifty-five hundred men in the woods around Cheat Summit and that they were literally scattered all over a rugged country like a band of sheep that had lost their shepherd. It was the second night in bad weather and there was no way to form a cohesive force out of them. In the meantime those Indiana boys who had been loafing there all summer and probably knew every trout up there by its given name, were ready to harry the strangers out of there, and at break of day on Friday, the thirteenth, they commenced to hunt the Confederates. About this time some Confederates appeared on the pike about a mile east of the summit and surrounded a picket post and a lieutenant and a private of the Federals were killed.

Learning that a whip chase was under way to the west and that the Confederates were working out towards the Greenbrier River, with the Indiana boys driving them, the commander at the Summit sent some companies of soldiers east over the pike and had them line Cheat River above the bridge, and a battle was fought on that river about two miles above that bridge at a point near where the Cheat Mountain Clubhouse now stands.

The Confederate reports are missing as to this encounter, but the Federal reports are very positive. They are sure that all the regiments, both from Valley Mountain and from Camp Bartow had been rounded up and were being driven toward the Greenbrier, and that when they were stopped by three hundred men at some point on the river near the clubhouse, the Confederates numbered fifty-five hundred men. These men were driven back in to the wilderness and it was not until about ten o'clock that night that they got back to Camp Bartow. Kimball says that the result of the panic in the Confederate ranks was that the woods were literally covered with the baggage, coats, haversacks, and other articles abandoned by the enemy.

Now if this is true, it is not to be wondered that Lee looked in vain for his proud regiments to come stepping up the broad fields of Tygart's Valley, with flags flying and drums beating to take the Federals in the rear, while he marched his victorious legions down the valley to storm the Federal works and take West Virginia into the Confederacy.

It is no wonder that Col. John A. Washington rode down by the mouth of Elkwater with a squad of men to get around the bend so that he could see the Confederate columns advancing up the river to support the attack. And that not seeing such an army that he should have ventured nearer and nearer the fortification so that he could make a thorough search, until so close that he was shot and killed.

Col. Rust was ordered out of Cheat Mountain with his command to get to Bartow as soon as he could and send a dispatch to General Loring by the "near way," Loring was no doubt that day at Valley Mountain. "Get Mr. Arbogast to take the dispatch, if possible." Probably J. H. Arbogast, whose plantation was on the site of the town of Durbin. He is described as the postmaster.

In the meantime on Friday, the thirteenth, Lee's army edged down the stream from Valley Head to a point as low down as the mouth of Elkwater some miles above the Elkwater fort. They did not give battle, waiting no doubt for the flanking army that never came, but the Federals had a rifled gun that shot a ten-pound ball that they ran out about three-quarters of a mile, and fired a few rounds at the Confederates who withdrew a short distance. That Confederate army lay about the mouth of Elkwater Creek all day on the 13th and on the 14th they were still there. Reynolds said that on the 14th another Confederate force was chased by the Summit camp. And that on the 15th there was another Confederate army on top of Cheat, on the pike, that was driven back.

Anyway in the afternoon of the 14th the Confederates went back to their camp on Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain. So Lee's orders to advance dated September 9, 1861, were in force until September 14, when Lee called them back and said good-by.

Lee went down to the Kanawha Valley to see what Wise and Floyd were fussing with each other about. They point out the tree on the Midland Trail where he camped. The first day's travel from Valley Mountain set him thirty-three miles on his way, and he made camp under an oak tree on Stamping Creek just above Mill Point, on Richard McNeel's farm. Mrs. Mary McNeel, now aged ninety-six years, the lady of the manor was a Southern sympathizer. She prepared a fine

breakfast and sent it to the general and he refused to eat it. He evidently was not going to risk any strange cooking in a land that appeared to be hostile to secession. As they put it baldly at the time, he was apprehensive of being poisoned.

CHAPTER XIV

Carrick's Ford. An Address Prepared for the Celebration There. To Which is Added some New History about Rich Mountain.

We are met here today to commemorate an incident of the most heroic and stirring events in the history of the world. Owing to the fact that in the year 1861 the State of Virginia was rent in twain by the passions and prejudices of its people, the chain of events leading up to the action on the part of the mountaineers has been a difficult subject to deal with for the reason that neighbors and families were divided upon the issue. Father against son, and brother against brother—and these matters in difference were carried even to the extreme limits of life.

But time cures all things, and I believe that the time has come when it is possible to interpret the action of those splendid times in such a way that it will not only redound to the glory of the victor, but also to the courage and high romance of his noble adversary.

I feel that it is incumbent upon us, who espoused the Confederate cause and who suffered the adverse decision of an all-wise Providence, to be the first and the frankest to admit that we were wrong. It comes with more graciousness from us who were bound to submit that any other result would have meant the end of the United States and a long farewell to all our glory.

We Confederates fought long and well, and we regard with affection and esteem the tender grace of a day that is dead that can never come back to us.

To the student of the history of the men of the mist, the mountaineers, it becomes more and more apparent that in every great crisis in American history the men of these endless mountains are to be relied upon to save the country from dissolution. Bred into super-men by the fierce thirty years' warfare with the aborigines in the winning of the West, we find in 1774 the mountain men asserting their independence and putting an independent army in the field to win the first battle of the Revolutionary War at Point Pleasant. In the years that followed the Minute Men from Valley Forge to King's Mountain were the main reliance for the success of the American arms, and it was companies of mountain men that drove Cornwallis to the sea and forced him to surrender.

But above and over all was the action of the northwestern counties in 1861 that reorganized the government of Virginia and nullified the act of secession at Richmond on April 17, 1861. It will be remembered that when the greatest Civil War ever known in the history of the world

broke out in the United States that the first movement on the part of the troops of the North and on the part of the troops of the South converged upon the mountain counties of the western waters of Virginia and within a few weeks after the action at Richmond these counties were as completely overrun and invested by the opposing armies as was Belgium in the late great World War. A part of that movement of troops was the battle of Carrick's Ford which we are met to commemorate today. The first troops to reach the northwest were two companies from Highland County, Virginia, marched thither in such great haste that there was not a gun or other weapon of offense amongst them. Each man bore a tin cup which constituted his sole uniform and accoutrement. They reported to Grafton where Colonel Porterfield, a diplomatic Virginia officer, had preceded them upon the mission to induce the local companies of militia to remain true to the falling fortunes of Virginia. Colonel Porterfield wrote home that it was as though he were in a foreign country, so fruitless had been his mission to enlist soldiers for the Confederacy.

In the meantime, General McClellan, lying on the borders of Ohio, was ordered to invest West Virginia with Federal troops and then followed the hurry and mad haste on the part of both armies to possess these mountain counties. General McClellan poured his troops into Grafton over the B. & O. Railway from Parkersburg and Wheeling and the handful of Confederate troops retired before his advance guard by a matter of minutes only, and rested at Philippi.

In the meantime the Confederate forces, without waiting for a vote on the ordinance of secession, bitterly disappointed by the failure of the mountain counties to respond favorably to the secession movement, rushed every available company across the mountains on foot, on horseback and by wagon train, and in a few days had considerable armies at three points on the western waters—that is to say, at Camp Northwest near Huntersville, at Marlinton, and at Beverly.

The leaders in the Northwest, having been sent back from Richmond overwhelmed and defeated, had been busy calling a convention to meet in Wheeling on May 13, 1861, to offset the result of the Secession Convention of April 17th. And while the armies were gathering by every road that point to the height of land, the place where the waters head, this Wheeling Convention was groping its way through the devious roads of parliamentary procedure to depose Governor Letcher, the Governor of Virginia, who had gone Confederate, and to set up in his place an able Fairmont lawyer by the name of Pierpoint to reign in his stead, thereby creating a dual government of the State of Virginia that was to endure for the four long weary years of the war. It took Pierpoint four years to reach the Governor's Mansion in Richmond, but, by the grace of God and the unflinching support of Abraham Lincoln, he did eventually reach the banks of the James River. The formation of the new State of West Virginia was to be a part of the decrees of Providence and was perhaps the only logical solution of the quandary that Virginia found herself in when she went adrift and was wrecked by the storm and the conflict between the Cotton States, drunk with power and pride, and the loyalty that she owed to the Union she had created.

In the Secession Convention the delegate district composed of Randolph and Tucker was represented by Jonathan N. Hughes, who had voted for secession and who had come home from that convention to find a solemn and a very much divided constituency. It is said that he had gone to Richmond as a Union man and that he had changed his sentiments during the long weary months devoted to practicing upon the minds of Union men to change them to be supporters of the Cotton States' bolt for freedom. Mr. Hughes did not survive his return home many weeks. By a strange act of circumstances he became one of the first victim of the war. At the battle of Rich Mountain he was riding horseback along the road in citizens' clothing. It is supposed that the sudden appearance of a troop of cavalry confused him. He rode rapidly towards them, crying out for Lincoln and was shot dead, receiving seventeen balls in his body.

Randolph and Tucker appear to have had no representatives at Wheeling in the May Convention, but upon the assembling of the Convention of June 11, 1861, at which time Pierpoint was made governor, the district had as its representative Solomon Parsons, and at the third convention which met in Wheeling, November 26, 1861, to frame the constitution of the new State of West Virginia, James W. Parsons appeared for Tucker County. It should be noted, too, that at the June Convention Samuel Crane was also admitted as a delegate from Tucker County, who served with Solomon Parsons.

It will be observed that the month of May, 1861, was a most trying and eventful period for the harassed people of the mountains. Greater armies than had ever been known to our people filled every road and avenue while the thinkers of the mountains, such men as Daniel Lamb, A. W. Campbell, Chester D. Hubbard, J. D. Nichols, Campbell Tarr, Daniel Polsley, George R. Latham, James W. Paxton and other leaders, most earnestly sought a way to extricate Virginia from the curse that had come upon her. Some said one thing and some said another, and the solution did not come like a flash of light, but was rather evolved in long and painful conferences extending over many days and nights. We know now that the plan that worked so well was to treat the elective offices of Virginia as vacant on account of Letcher's adherence, with all his train to the Confederate States of America, and to set up a provisional government by the election of Pierpoint as Governor. The Pierpoint government having been recognized in Washington by the Federal government by the seating of the Senators and Congressmen, enabled the provisional government to agree to the formation of the new State of West Virginia which resulted in the rending of the State both as a war measure and a logical result of the secession of Virginia.

The credit for the idea and the thread of thought that led to this momentous result belong to John D. Nichols, a young lawyer of Wellsburg, who voiced the idea in a conference one evening with some of the older delegates and from that time the way was made plain before the conventions without variableness, nor shadow of turning.

About this time, on the twenty-second day of May, 1861, the first man was killed in the Civil War. T. Bailey Brown, a member of Capt. Daniel Wilson's company, was returning with Captain Wilson from Prunty-

town where they had organized a Union Company. As they came to the eastern end of Grafton, they were halted by a Confederate picket by the name of W. S. Knight. Brown fired at the picket, clipping a piece out of his ear, and Knight returned the fire with a smooth-bore musket, loaded with slugs, killing Brown instantly.

Before daylight on the morning of June 3rd the armies clashed at Philippi and the Confederates withdrew in great haste to Beverly. McClellan moved slowly up Tygart's Valley, having at his command some twenty thousand troops, nearly all from Ohio and Pennsylvania.

On the Confederate side Staunton, Augusta County, had been made a depot of supplies and from all over the South regiment after regiment detrained at Staunton and marched west and northwest over the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs Turnpike and the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. These troops were accompanied by interminable wagon trains and the people of the mountains in that summer of 1861 were presented with a spectacle of all the glory and gallantry of war. Money became exceedingly plentiful and the Confederate States appeared to be carrying all before them. As a matter of fact the only failure from which the Confederate States suffered during the first year of the war was the repulse in West Virginia. The scene at Beverly by July was that of an all-powerful army in camp. Colonel Porterfield, the urbane diplomat to West Virginia, had been called home and Gen. W. H. Garnett had been placed in charge of the advance army in the Northwest at Beverly. He had under him the flower and the chivalry of the South. General Garnett was a West Pointer and a noted acquisition to the Southern armies. His encampment at Beverly at the junction of the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and the Beverly and Philippi Turnpike blocked the advance of General McClellan's army. But Garnett decided that he should fortify the two roads in the rugged pass where the Tygarts Valley River breaks through and forms the gorge separating Rich Mountain from Laurel Hill. The latter day tourist is still presented at Beverly with his choice of the two roads into the Northwest. He can either climb Rich Mountain on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, or he can go the broader and smoother State highway by the way of Elkins, Belington, Philippi and Grafton.

Garnett decided to fortify the Buckhannon road on the brow of the mountain overlooking its western declivity. In this he made a fatal error. He seems to have ignored the long flat top of Rich Mountain which invited a flank movement. He should have fortified the eastern top where the battle was actually fought. On the other road Garnett took about six thousand troops and went with them himself to fortify the road on Laurel Hill between Elkins and Belington. Pegram was placed in charge of the Rich Mountain blockade. Colonel Scott was left in charge of the base of supplies at Beverly with one large regiment and other companies and wagon trains coming in daily. It would appear that Garnett had detached himself both on the Rich Mountain road and on the Belington road from his base of supplies.

McClellan with his much larger army, was scattered across the valley from Buckhannon to Webster and seemed to be on the point of playing Garnett's game and storming the fortifications. But on the evening of

the tenth of July a young man by the name of Hart, whose home was on the crest of Rich Mountain, agreed to lead a detachment around the mountain to fall in behind Pegram and in this way the plans of battle were worked out in a way different from that expected by Garnett. Pegram was not wholly surprised. A messenger had fallen into the hands of the Confederates and they were advised of the flanking movement. Perhaps it would have been better if he had been surprised. He rushed three hundred men back to the east brow of Rich Mountain and there met and fought the Federal troops and was defeated. The cannon roared over the mountains there all the afternoon and it seems to have brought consternation to every division of the Confederate forces. Presently came a rain and a stormy night and Pegram withdrew from his position and marched down into the rough canyon of the Tygart's Valley River and up the river to about where Elkins now is, and finding himself without provisions and no chance to get any, sent in his surrender papers.

The battle at Rich Mountain was so sudden and unexpected that there seems to have been no chance to send a courier to Colonel Scott, who lay with such a rich base at Beverly. The Colonel and his staff listened for hours to the cannonading on Rich Mountain, undecided whether to retreat or advance. He finally called for a volunteer to carry a flag of truce to Rich Mountain to obtain some word, and for this service my father, the late Rev. Dr. William T. Price, offered. His offer was not accepted and pretty soon Colonel Scott and the supplies were on their way east.

Garnett abandoned his fort on Laurel Hill on the night of the eleventh, being pursued by McClellan's forces. Learning that Beverly was in possession of Union forces, he turned to the northeast, hoping to escape into the valley of Virginia by Cheat River. Morris' troops overtook the Confederates about noon on July 13, 1861, and followed them for two hours skirmishing all the way until Carrick's Ford was reached, where a pitched battle ensued in which General Garnett and a number of his command were slain.

The result of these operations left the Union forces in full control of West Virginia's western flowing waters in the northwest with the exception of Greenbrier River.

McClellan fortified at Elkwater near the head of the Ohio River and the Confederates were gradually driven back by force and pressure to Staunton within about a year from the time that they had sent their proud armies forth from that place. The retreat was marked by the battle of Greenbrier, the battle of the Top of Allegheny, and the battle of McDowell, all Confederate victories, but all losing victories.

And this is a short story of how the wisdom of the elder statesman and the firing of the younger soldiers in the year 1861 brought forth that great State of West Virginia, the child of the storm.

And on that day no loving arms
Reached forth the newborn child to take,
'Mid cannons' roar, and war's alarms,
Did West Virginia's soul awake;

Behold her face is stern and wild.
The beetling crag, the darkling fen,
Mark deep her mien, the war-born child,
Grim mothers of hard mountain men;
We hail the day, we pledge anew
Our hearts, our hands, our lives to you.

The first year of the Civil War the Confederates assembled a considerable army at Beverly in a short time and from there awaited the coming of the Federal troops under McClellan. Garnett was the general in charge of the Confederates and the middle of July found Garnett shot to death by exposing himself upon the firing line, and his clans scattered in flight or captured.

One of the Virginia regiments under Col. William C. Scott played a part in the debacle of Rich Mountain, Laurel Hill, and Carrick's Ford, and I never could make head or tail of the doings of that regiment until lately when I came upon some indications in the records that throw considerable light upon the mental confusion and anguish of that officer.

He was from down east somewhere and he was elected colonel of the 44th Virginia Infantry. He was either from Cumberland or Powhatan county, as he represented that district in the secession convention at Richmond, in 1861.

The battle of Rich Mountain was fought on the 11th day of July. The 44th left Staunton for Beverly on the 5th day of July and arrived in Beverly the evening of the 10th, the day before the battle, and encamped there that night. Garnett was with the main part of the army at Laurel Hill, the big mountain between Elkins and Belington. He had posted Pegram with a large force on the west brow of Rich Mountain, eight miles from Beverly on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, between Beverly and Buckhannon. There was a command at Leadsville church, in the neighborhood of the place where the city of Elkins stands now.

The Federals had some twenty thousand troops on the two roads and a battle was expected hourly. The main force of the Federals was on the Buckhannon road in front of Pegram's hastily erected fortifications. Between Pegram and Garnett was the canyon through which the Tygarts Valley River forces a turbulent passage. It is a very deep and wild and rugged gorge.

Most of the wagons and supplies were left at Beverly as a convenient base for the Confederate forces.

Scott's 44th was on the loose, so to speak, his arrival being more or less unexpected, and like all the troops on both sides he was in command of amateurs in the art and science of war.

There has been so much said of Scott's maneuvers at this time that I have been at considerable pains to ferret out as near as possible the truth of the reports. One reason that I was so much interested was that my father, a chaplain, was with Scott on that occasion and by staying with him escaped capture and injury and was extricated from a very perilous position, in which so many green soldiers were killed,

wounded or captured. I never heard my father say much about the retreat from Beverly.

One favorite lie in regard to the gallant 44th was that Scott had cut such a big timber barricade across the pike between Beverly and Laurel Hill that Garnett could not withdraw his troops in the direction of Beverly but was forced to march through Tucker County to meet defeat, disaster, and death at Carrick's Ford. There could be nothing farther from the truth than this for Scott had not been anywhere on that road to cut a barricade and all the defense that he needs on that charge is his perfect alibi.

At Beverly, Scott received an order from Garnett to join him with his regiment at his fort on Laurel Hill, and early that morning he had gotten his weary and footsore troops together and had marched them about two miles towards Elkins, when he was overtaken by a courier with a dispatch from Pegram, who was on the other road on top of Rich Mountain. Pegram asked him to disregard the orders to march to Laurel Hill and to return by way of Beverly and take a position a mile and a half from Beverly on the Buckhannon road, at a place where a county road came in from the north and joined the pike. The reason for this was that Pegram who was guarding the pike had found out that at a point west of his fortification an old road or path branched off on the north side of the pike, dipped down across the Roaring Creek Valley, and climbed Rich Mountain and passed through a gap north of the pass that Pegram was holding, and swung south and joined the county road that led to the pike at the place that Scott was to place his regiment. Pegram had heard that a large force of Federals were already marching on that old road to pass on his right, and Scott's was the only force that could reach the place in time to be of any service. It was apparent that if the Federals took Beverly all the Confederate forces would be cut off from their supplies. Torn from their base, so to speak.

Scott did not hesitate. He about-faced and marched his army back and held the mouth of the county road.

Later in the day, Pegram discovered his error, for the Federals marched around him on his left, and some three hundred of Pegram's men with one cannon hastily detached from the Pegram fort engaged them at the eastern summit and there is where one of the decisive battles of the war was fought, a battle that was discussed and debated to the ends of the world, for right there is where the Union won the war by retaining the territory that was afterwards to be West Virginia.

Pegram was in dreadful straits. His three hundred men held the field for hours against five thousand. Every man belonging to Garnett was in sound of the guns, but none knew that it was not an attack on Pegram's fort except those in that fort. In the light of other days it has become the great unexplained mystery why Pegram did not reinforce his heroes that day.

The noise of the battle was heard by Scott and his troops, but they could not know that it was a battle half way between him and Pegram, and there has never been a time since Casabianca stood on the burning deck when such a distressing alternative was put to a soldier. Scott could not leave the road unguarded. Pegram had not said that the

enemy might come that roundabout way. He had said that they were then moving on that road, and Garnett had endorsed and supplemented Pegram's order, and so he was held by express orders at the foot of a mountain while the cannon roared at the top of that mountain.

When Scott, the night before had arrived at Beverly, he found a very near and dear friend living there. Hon. John N. Hughes the delegate to the convention from the district composed of Randolph and Tucker counties. The two men had served during the long strenuous sessions of the conventions that had voted at Richmond for secession.

Hughes had been sent there as a Union man by an overwhelming vote. At Richmond he had roomed with two strong Union members, Hon. John S. Burdette, the member from Taylor County, and Hon. James Burley, of Marshall. The three were great friends and agreed to stay in the Union for many weeks, until Hughes came to the room one day and announced that he had decided to vote for secession. Then there was a great quarrel. Burdette and Hughes were about to have a fist fight there and then, but Burley prevented them from coming to blows. But before they parted they put a curse upon him, a good old political curse, that he would never prosper either in this world nor in the world to come, and the three inseparables parted in anger. Hughes voted for secession between the vote of James P. Holcombe, of Albermarle, and Eppa Hutton, of Prince William. And Burley and Burdette voted together against secession between the votes of William G. Brown, of Preston, and Benjamin W. Byrne, of Braxton, Nicholas and Clay.

The two convention members, Hughes and Scott, were delighted to be together again and Hughes went with the colonel and his regiment. These two statesmen had voted for secession a few weeks before, having been convinced by a season of false reasoning that it was the only way to prevent war, relying on a fixed idea that the seceding sisters would be allowed to depart in peace. And here they were in the mountains facing an overwhelming army of Federals who refused to accept their interpretation of the constitution.

A new song had run through the South since they had parted at Richmond. It started off strong. It said that the despot's heel was on our shore, his torch was at our temple door. And here was the despot's heel on Rich Mountain. The song was called "Maryland, my Maryland" and we still beller forth its martial strains. They made up a song here the other day on it, called "Marlinton, my Marlinton." It may be of some historical interest to know who was the gentleman designated as a despot and fixed to burn a church. It was no other than Col. Edward F. Jones, of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, marching through Baltimore, April 19, 1861, where they were attacked by rioters and three soldiers killed and many wounded. The mayor of Baltimore marched with the regiment to protect them and begged the soldiers not to fire, but before the mayor left them he was compelled to grab a gun himself and kill a man in the mob. The song was written by a college professor on hearing of the riot, and the music is from the German song, "Tannebaum, Oh Tannebaum," which being loosely translated means, "Hemlock Tree, Oh Hemlock Tree."

Hughes and Scott were on horseback. At that time the troops had

no distinctive uniform on either side. There was no way to tell a friend from an enemy. Not even a badge. The armies had materialized so quickly that so far as the fighting was concerned it was almost impossible to tell whether a company belonged to the North or to the South.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, Scott and his regiment resting easily at the fork of the road, heard the firing begin at the Hart place on top of the mountain. He thought it was an attack on the fort as he had had no intimation of any change of plans. As a matter of fact, Pegram, hearing that the Federals were marching around him on his left had sent three hundred men, under Captain DeLagnel to occupy the pass at Hart's Mountain, the farm house on one side and the log barn on the other. There was a log barn there. Maybe not the barn that is there today, but a log barn. These troops were from Rockingham, Rockbridge and Powhatan counties, largely. They were not acquainted with John N. Hughes.

There was a powerful lot of cannonading going on and Scott was bound to find out about it, even if he could not leave his post, so he prepared to send a scout. He designated John N. Hughes, a non-combatant, who volunteered for the duty. I take it that Hughes was the logical candidate for the honor for he may have been the only local man present. He knew the country and the roads. He was not in uniform. That did not cut any figure that early in the war. The road winds by easy grades for miles up the mountain. Hughes dashed off on his horse and never returned. By the time he reached the top of the mountain, the battle was going at full blast. He evidently came to the conclusion that the troops that he found holding the road at a summit were Federals who had gotten to the rear of the Pegram fortifications, for he cried out, "Lincoln." And rode towards the soldiers. No doubt the soldiers had until that time held their fire to ascertain whether he came as a friend or a foe, but the moment he shouted "Lincoln," they fired a volley and he fell dead with seventeen bullet holes in his body. He was shot by Confederate soldiers.

The next thing that occurred was the arrival of Lieut. James Cochrane, of Augusta County. He had been in the battle. Owing to the difficulty that the troops had to tell friend from foe, the Confederates had fired on some Confederate cavalry advancing from Beverly, and these cavalry had withdrawn. De Lagnel had detailed Cochrane with a squad of six men to overtake these men and bring them up, but he could not find them, but as he traveled to the foot of the mountain he found Scott and his regiment and reported to them the fact that an engagement was going on and that they were badly needed on top of the hill.

Scott then formed his men and faced them towards the fight and they started off at double quick time, which was soon brought down to quick time when they realized the number of uphill miles they had to climb. When they got within about a mile of the top, the firing ceased and there was great cheering, Huzzas, as the accepted word was at that time. The huzzaing caused Scott to halt his army and consider. He and Cochrane took counsel together and decided that the fight was over, and that if the Confederates had won it was not necessary to go

farther, and if the Federals had won it was not at all safe. They would be cut to pieces by firing from the top of the ridge. So volunteers being called for, one R. I. Lipford volunteered on the condition that he be provided with a pistol and a horse. He was equipped and rode forward rapidly to the top of the mountain, and a short time after he was gone, his regiment heard loud shouts of "Halt!" "Shoot him!" And that was the last that they heard from Lipford for several days.

Scott does not seem to worry about Lipford, so I went on a hunt the other day for him, and found out about him. When he got to the battle field and found himself surrounded by four or five thousand soldiers, he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and surrendered to superior force. Here he made a tactical error. Thinking no doubt that he would be better treated and sooner exchanged he informed the Federal commander that his rank was that of lieutenant when he was in truth and in fact a private soldier. But the Federals took to him and of all the prisoners, he was the one that was chosen to bear a sweet, kindly letter from General McClellan to Gen. H. R. Jackson. McClellan was a gentleman. He mentioned that he had found Lieutenant Lipford, of the 44th Virginia, the most available for courier purposes from among the officers captured. This incidental mention had the effect of causing General Jackson to arrest Lipford for misrepresenting his rank, and Lipford seems to have had the distinction of being twice captured and imprisoned within a week by both armies.

Scott not liking the looks of things on the mountain retreated from them huzzas and got back to Beverly that night. James Cochrane went with him. This must be the same red-headed colonel who played such an important part in the war and who was separated from his regiment at Droop Mountain in after years.

He seems to have about taken charge as a visiting brother to the 44th. He marched them up the mountain and marched them down again, and when they got to Beverly, while Scott was conferring with Judge Camden, a member of the Confederate congress, and other citizens, Cochrane seems to have had the quick wit and the ability to act. He knew that the Confederate troops were scattered and that there was no use waiting for orders, so he had Scott, as the ranking officer, to authorize him to load the wagons and take them out of there, and this was done and a retreat to the Greenbrier River was commenced that went on all through the night and the next day. In this way most of the stores were saved, and on the 12th Scott reached Greenbrier River, having marched about thirty-two miles. He burned the bridge at Huttonsville over the Tygarts Valley River on the 12th.

Captain Lilley and his Augusta Lee Rifles came escaping out of the net and they found the bridge burning, and lay at the foot of Cheat on the Randolph side that night. When they got to Beverly they saw Captain Stofer, of the Pocahontas company, sitting on the hotel porch. That is one thing he did well. I remember seeing him sit on a hotel porch after the war many times. The captain was a veteran of the Mexican war and was no amateur. He seems to have been one of the cool ones at the battle of Rich Mountain and side fights. He waved them on, and when they got over to Yeager's they found Governor

Letcher there, who had come to the head of the waters to see how the war was going.

It will be seen by this, Scott and his 44th made a hasty trip to West Virginia. In all it was only nine days that it took him to march his regiment on foot from Staunton to the top of Rich Mountain and back to the Greenbrier River, something like a hundred and fifty miles.

I can see no just cause of criticism. He seems to have acted with courage and discretion and brought his men off safe, and saved the wagon trains for his side. He delivered his command to Gen. H. R. Jackson on Saturday the 13th, and they rested at Monterey.

Pegram had an unhappy experience. He took command in an arbitrary way of Camp Garnett as it was called, and he has been criticized for not coming to the relief of the three hundred who made as brave a fight as was ever recorded in history. And then he surrendered by sending a messenger seven miles with a petition asking to be allowed to yield. Captain Moorman, of Pendleton County, asked him if he was going to do that why did he not march out towards Pendleton County and go until he met a Federal force and surrender then. It would be easier, and there was a good chance to escape. But Pegram overruled him. Moorman knew the mountains but Pegram was overawed by them. Pegram's men were paroled. One of them came in my office last summer and told about being paroled by a man on horseback in the street in Beverly. "What did you do about it?" I asked him. "I broke it," said the old Confed.

CHAPTER XV

The Battle of Philippi, the First Battle of the Civil War.

The battle of Philippi is important because it was the first battle of the Civil War. It is not in the number of troops engaged, the number killed or wounded, or in the strategy displayed, that it owes its fame. It was the first blow that was struck. And it assumes all the dignity and importance of the opening blow. That is no doubt the reason that the Legislature of 1927 saw fit to appoint a commission to report as to the proper way in which to commemorate that action of the armies and to preserve its history.

The date of the battle was June 3, 1861, at the break of day. Prior to that time it was not known whether there would be a war between the North and the South. The North had not been invaded, and there were indications that led the most hopeful to believe that the sections would content themselves with guarding the border to repel any effort to invade on the part of the enemy. Thus McClellan had been appointed commander of the Department of the Ohio to guard the line of the States bordering on the Ohio River with headquarters at Cincinnati.

In this day and generation it is taken for granted that when the States seceded that it was an act of war tantamount to declaring war on the United States. It was so regarded by many of the wisest men

on both sides, those who had the power of judging the future by the past, and who were able to construe the signs of the times. As a matter of fact, the secession of Virginia, was the result of false reasoning on the part of the convention that the only way to avoid civil war within the boundaries of Virginia, was to secede, arguing as they did, that if a majority forced the State to remain in the Union, that the eastern part or slave part of the State, would rise in arms and assert its right to secede. The convention drunk with words and oratory and other things, seems never to have apprehended that the Federal power would be exercised to keep Virginia in the Union. The idea that armies from other States might invade Virginia, was not worthy of considering. On the 4th of February, 1861, six of the States had met and formed the Confederate States of America, and on the 8th had elected Jefferson Davis as its president, and there had been no definite policy determined upon by the Federal government, and the Virginia convention to avoid war decided to secede.

April 12, the firing began on Fort Sumter. April 19, a mob attacked Union soldiers marching through Baltimore. May 9 shots were exchanged between the United States steamer *Yankee*, and the batteries at Gloucester Point, Virginia. May 20 shots were exchanged between the United States steamer *Monticello* and the battery at Sewell's Point, Virginia. May 24 the Union army took possession of Alexandria, Virginia, and that night Colonel Ellsworth, of the First Zouaves, New York Militia, was killed in a hotel by some person unknown. Captain Ball and a company of thirty-five Confederate soldiers were captured. May 26, Union troops were ordered to occupy Grafton, and McClellan addressed his proclamation to the Union men of western Virginia.

The occupation of Alexandria by the Federal troops does not seem to have occasioned much stir in Virginia, as that town is not much more than a suburb of Washington, but the invasion of Federal troops on Virginia soil to Grafton, more than a hundred miles by the railroad from the border at Parkersburg, was a serious matter.

The proclamation of May 26 states that the general government of the United States had abstained from sending troops across the Ohio River, or even posting them on the bank of that stream on the Virginia line. But the result of the late election in the western counties showed that the people west of the mountain did not indorse the secession movement, and that the general government could not longer close its ears to the demands that had been made by loyal western Virginians for assistance. "I have ordered troops to cross the river."

These were the words of McClellan, an able executive. He was a West Point graduate. He had distinguished himself in the Mexican War. He was a commissioner to study the military movements in the Crimean War. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was appointed a major general in 1861, and owing to his successes in West Virginia, he was made commander-in-chief of the Union forces after the disaster at Bull Run.

To the clear mind of McClellan the crossing of the Ohio was as definite a step admitting of no retreat or withdrawal as was the action of Caesar in crossing the Rubicon, the river that separated Cisalpine Gaul

from ancient Italy. It proved to be a crossing of a Rubicon.

McClellan has never been properly appreciated. He ran afoul of the departments in Washington and some bitter words passed between him and Stanton. In 1864, he was the Democratic nominee for President against Lincoln, but received the electoral vote of but three States, Kentucky, Delaware and New Jersey. But he acted with great power and wisdom in the early days of the great conflict and his support undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of the State of West Virginia, and he deserves a monument in this State.

The significance of the determination to cross the Ohio River, is shown in his opening lines in his general order: "Soldiers: You are ordered to cross the frontier and enter upon the soil of Virginia. Your mission is to restore peace and confidence, to promote the majesty of the law, and to rescue our brethren from the grasp of armed traitors." This address was dated the same day that the proclamation to the people of West Virginia was made. It took four days to make the occupation of Grafton complete, moving from Cincinnati and Indianapolis through Parkersburg and Wheeling over the B. & O. Railway. On the 30th of May, McClellan reported that he held Grafton without the loss of a single life.

News traveled slower in those days except where the event was directly upon a telegraph station. Owing to this the Commonwealth of Virginia as constituted at Richmond, does not seem to have grasped the extent of the disaffection in the northwestern counties. General Lee was in command, and he took the precaution to send three trained officers to these counties to muster in the militia. Loring at Wheeling, Boykin at Parkersburg, and Porterfield at Grafton. These were the strategic points owing to the B. & O. Railroad, whose trunk line extended from Baltimore to Grafton, there to branch into two divisions, one to go into the State of Ohio at Wheeling, and the other at Parkersburg.

Lee had no idea but that these counties would accept in the main the action of the Virginian convention. For generations they had complained and expostulated at coming out at a disadvantage over every vote and measure, and no doubt it was considered a congenital defect in the mountaineer, to grumble and submit. It is evidenced by his message and his instructions to Porterfield.

He wrote to Porterfield, Col. George A. Porterfield, then at Harpers Ferry, to repair to Grafton and to act in conjunction with Boykin and Loring, and accept for service nine regiments, three to protect the Parkersburg branch of the railway, three the Wheeling branch, with three regiments to be held at the junction point at Grafton in reserve. Loring and Boykin seem to have returned without recruiting any companies, and with Porterfield it was not much better. Captain Thompson, at Fairmont, had a company that was ready to be mustered into the Confederate service but Grafton did not seem to be a safe place for such a company. One of Porterfield's reports has a line in it that indicates the state of sentiment around Grafton. He says to address his letters to Fetterman, a post office near Grafton, as that was the only office in the county where he could depend upon receiving letters.

Porterfield got some troops together and succeeded in burning three small bridges on the railroad but they were quickly replaced when the troop trains came in from the west.

Another indication of the meager support that he got from the north-west counties is the tradition of the committee of citizens who waited upon him at Grafton, and who politely and firmly told him that they desired him to leave their town, but that they did not wish him hurried or inconvenienced, and that it would be all right for him to wait until the next train left for elsewhere. This invitation was complied with, and I think that it must have been the time that Porterfield moved to Fetterman, at no great distance, as that place is now a part of the city of Grafton. Porterfield was still writing letters from Grafton as late as May 16, 1861, and according to the best evidence that I can find, the Confederate forces took their stand at Philippi on the 27th day of May, just about the time that the Union troops started from the western posts to occupy Grafton.

It will be observed that the Confederate officers sent to the north-western counties to mobilize an army had met with such scant success that they did not consider it advisable to try to hold the railroad at any point on it, and that they had not been able to effect any but a temporary damage to it. South of Fetterman and Grafton, some fifteen miles distant, was the town of Philippi, the county seat of Barbour County, situate in a narrow valley on the banks of Tygarts Valley River. This was a position well suited to a defensive campaign. Two roads came to the river at that place, one from Grafton that crossed a wooden covered bridge into the town. This bridge is still standing and in constant use. That the Confederate forces withdrew to Philippi is a confession of weakness.

The reason of this movement was that it was the only opening left to Porterfield from which he could receive reinforcements and supplies. The Union forces held control of both ends of the B. & O. Railroad. There was no way in which troops could reach him over that road, and the only turnpike open to him was the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike.

Great delay was experienced in getting arms to the Confederates. Before the battle they were begging for flintlock rifles. The Virginia troops that had marched to join Porterefld from Virginia had reached Fetterman, but the only equipment either in arms or accoutrements was one tin cup per man. It was long known as the tin cup brigade. They clamored for arms. Two companies from Pocahontas County, under Captain McNeel and Captain Stofer, rode horseback to Philippi and had to be sent back on account of no arms or supplies. It was about this time that the long lines of men and wagons and artillery commenced to move west from Staunton over the Staunton and Parkersburg Tunrpike. From all over the South these forces were coming, but they did not arrive in time to afford any relief to the beleaguered Confederates at Philippi, and they failed to stem the victorious advance of the Federal armies at Rich Mountain and at Laurel Hill and Carricks Ford. Not until the middle of the summer did they block the way and that was in the Greenbrier Valley.

It was a campaign of wagons against railway cars.

On the 3rd day of June, 1861, the Confederates had a force of about eight hundred men in Philippi, waiting on men and arms. The strength of this little army was placed by the Union Commander, Gen. T. A. Morris, at Grafton, as being two thousand men, which were being rapidly reinforced.

He planned a quick attack on the enemy at Philippi. The main highway, now Road 56, connects Grafton and Philippi. The distance in 1861 was fifteen miles. This road lies on the west side of Tygarts Valley River. Both towns are on that river. There was another road traversing the counties of Taylor and Barbour lying to the east of that road made up of certain county roads. By leaving the cars at a point east of Grafton, it left a march of about twenty-five miles to Philippi.

Col. B. F. Kelly was given command of one column to march on Philippi, and Col. Dumont of the other.

Believing that word of the attack would be carried to the Confederate camp, an order was made public that a detachment of troops would go by rail from Grafton to Harper's Ferry, and at 9 a. m. June 2, Col. B. F. Kelly's command, consisting of six companies of the First Virginia, nine companies of Milroy's Ninth Indiana, and six companies of Irvine's Sixteenth Ohio, took trains and were carried six miles east on the railroad where they got off the train and marched slowly during the day and the early part of the night, and rested so that they could arrive at Philippi exactly at 4 in the morning of June 3.

The other column consisting of Dumont's Seventh Indiana, five companies of Steedman's Fourteenth Ohio, with two field guns, and six companies of Crittenden's Sixth Indiana, left Grafton at 8:30 p. m. June 2 for the more direct route to Philippi.

The two columns combined consisted of something over three thousand men, and they believed that they were going into a battle with a desperate army of Confederates.

The Dumont column took the trains on the railroad that runs towards Clarksburg (west), and got off the trains at Webster station, a point nearer Philippi, and marched through the night.

Then came the big rain. It poured down all night and with it was a driving wind. The raw troops suffered in that campaign not from the enemy but from the weather. Both columns were due to meet without fail at Philippi at four o'clock in the morning. The troops that had gone the long way round were very much more comfortable than the ones who had marched the short distance. There was a most dreadful time had by the young soldiers plodding along a muddy road all through the night of the tempest, and some of them threw away blankets and knapsacks in order to keep up.

But the rain had also drowned out the Confederate pickets and scouts and sentinels. Not an outpost was found. Not a challenge given by any Confederate soldier, and the first thing that the Confederates knew the enemy was upon them in the rain and the storm and the darkness, and all over them and about them and there was nothing to do but to run. And run they did and that in a helter-skelter, every-man-for-himself fashion, and as there was but one road open, and that up the river, they

could not get lost or stray, so later in the day, with the exception of a gentleman that got his leg broken contending with the Federal army, all of the Confederate soldiers assembled at Beverly, thirty miles distant, at which place they were speedily heavily reinforced, and from which point they got ready to fight the Rich Mountain battle five weeks later.

The most serious accident that happened was when a Confederate quartermaster shot Colonel Kelley in the vest. The warlike quartermaster was captured at once and the officers had hard work keeping him from being summarily lynched by the soldiers of Colonel Kelley's command. Happily this wound turned out to be a slight affair and Colonel Kelley having managed the battle so well was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and served throughout the war with great ability and distinction.

It is very indefinite as to what the Confederates did. The Federal army of some three thousand armed men poured into a town of about five hundred population firing as they came, and routing Confederate troops from every house, barn, and other building where there was a roof to keep off the rain. My father, who was with the Highland County troops, was stopping for the night with some relatives in Philippi and he got safely away in the cold gray dawn of a rainy morning.

The fact of the matter is the Confederates never realized they had been in an action and that they had been badly defeated. I do not know the rules of scoring but the Confederates evidently considered they had been happily delivered from a position of some danger. The Federal troops pleased with the gallantry and endurance of themselves and the easy victory, were not disposed to find fault with success. They attributed their failure to capture more prisoners to the confusion occasioned by the violent storm. And they did take an immense amount of odds and ends in the way of supplies.

This started the war. It may have been more or less amateurish, but remember that it was the first great news the country had and for a few days the name of Philippi was known to every civilized land.

There was something in the air, however, for Porterfield at Beverly requested that a court-martial be convened to inquire into his conduct on June 3. Then it developed that the first intimation that the Confederates had was the firing of the enemy's artillery within four hundred yards of the town; that a main and picket guard had been regularly maintained every night, but that scouting parties of the Confederates had come in on the night of June 2nd, without being challenged as shown by written reports of mounted officers.

It is a fair conjecture that the sentinels had been rained on and had taken shelter.

Further it was found that in a conference of officers the night before a retreat was determined upon, and that but for the weather this retreat would have begun before daylight and the disaster averted. And that while there was confusion in some quarters that a portion of the command moved out of town in good order, and that nearly the whole force after passing some distance from town, was reformed and proceeded in order.

That outside of dilatory tactics in retreating, and want of vigilance, and failure to extend and strengthen his picket line, that the commanding officer acted with coolness, self-possession, and personal courage.

The court-martial found that the Confederate force consisted of some six hundred effective infantry and one hundred and seventy-five cavalry.

The commanding general, Lee, having reviewed the findings of the court of inquiry, concurred therein, but censures Porterfield for not sending back his baggage as soon as he determined to evacuate the town, for not arranging his plan of defense, and for not securing information of the advancement of the enemy. Also for the fact that the troops retired without orders. Yet, Lee says, in consideration of all the circumstances of the case, he considers that nothing more is needed than to express his hope that it will be a lesson to be remembered throughout the war.

It should be mentioned here that the last battle of the Civil War was fought on West Virginia soil, at Brandy Hollow, near Huntersville, Pocahontas County, on the site of Camp Northwest on the 18th day of April, 1865. This engagement was between the Eighth Ohio Cavalry and a portion of Gen. W. L. Jackson's army returning to their homes after the surrender.

CHAPTER XVI

Meshach Browning, the Great Hunter, Hunted all Along the Seneca Trail in Tucker and Preston Counties.

One of the books that the boys of western Maryland and the northern part of West Virginia are raised upon is the four hundred page book entitled 'Forty-four Years of a Hunter's Life,' by Meshach Browning. A recent edition has been published by Lippincott's, Philadelphia, and it is a copy of that edition that a friend sent me.

The hunter was a well to do citizen of Maryland and has hundreds of descendants all proud to trace their line of ascent to him. His activities seem to have been laid largely in Garrett County, Maryland, and in Preston County, West Virginia, in the Terra Alta Country.

Meshach Browning was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in the year 1781, the son of Joshua and Nancy Browning. When Meshach was two weeks old his father died. At the age of eleven years, his family moved to some point in Monongalia County, Virginia. Shortly after, Meshach went to live with his uncle where he continued until he was fifteen years old when having had a fight with his aunt who tried to beat him into submission he went to seek his fortune and arrived at Wheeling. There he worked for John Caldwell and killed his first bear in what must be now the city.

That must have been about the year 1796, and the recollection of the famous siege of Fort Henry was clear in the minds of the people of Wheeling. In the book is an account of the battle. It occurred in 1777.

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Captain Mason's company who escaped. Browning's account of it is identified by the incident of Elizabeth Zane who went through the fire line to get a supply of powder for the soldiers in the fort.

The siege of Fort Henry was one of the important engagements of the Revolutionary War and it was the most important battle waged against the white settlers by the Iroquois Indians, allies of Great Britain. Thirty-three men held the fort against 386 Indian warriors. The casualties on the part of the white settlers consisted of the slaughter of 23 of the 26 soldiers who went out of the fort in the early morning the 2nd day of September, and fell into ambush. The accepted history of that engagement has not been very satisfactory or convincing as to why the settlers who had taken shelter in the fort against the Indians should have been lured to leave the safety of the fort by the Indians. Browning gives this account as being the one told to him by the Caldwell's:

Two Indians made their appearance on the high hill above the town. This hill runs from north to south. Wheeling Creek runs from east to west, passing this elevation about a mile north of town, and then turns south, coursing along the foot of the hill until it arrives at a point a little south of the fort, where it empties into the river; thus leaving the hill a mile north of the creek. Whenever the river is a little high, the water is backed up the creek to the depth of ten or twelve feet. On this hill, opposite the fort those two Indians showed themselves, fired a shot or two at the fort, and then went off slowly slapping their hands behind them in token of derision and contempt of those within the fortification.

Fired with such an insult, our men commenced running out, and would have all gone, had not the commanding officer stood in the gate and stopped them; though not till twenty-four men were running up the steep hill after the Indians, who were to be seen still retreating, as if they did not intend to make battle. When the whites reached the top of the hill to their great dismay, they found themselves between two galling fires. They could not cross the creek if they ran that way.

They endeavored to break through the north line of the enemy and escape down the river to the fort. The loss as given by Browning was twenty-one men.

He says that John Caldwell was one of the three to escape with his life, and that as he ran he encountered a white man who had left the settlement some years before and whom he recognized at first sight. This white Indian carried a spear mounted on a handle like that of a fork, and he ran before all the Indians. He was close at the heels of John Caldwell when he arrived at the break of the hill next the fort. There the white Indian made a furious lunge just as Caldwell tripped and fell. The spear missed the man and embedded itself in a tree so fast that the white savage could not withdraw it before Caldwell slipped out of his position and reached the fort in safety.

I have not time to go into this question at any great length. The accepted history indicates a hopeless confusion as to whether the date was September 1st or September 2nd. And whether the Indians were perceived from the fort or discovered by young Andrew Zane who was hunting Dr. McMechen's horse. Zane is said to have leaped down a precipice of seventy feet. Then it is said that Captain Mason led out